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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS $1.50 Per Year

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TEACHERS' INSTITUTE IN SESSION.

The Attendance is Large and a Very Successful Meeting Will Result.

INSTRUCTORS ARE OF THE BEST.

Outline of Proceedings of Institute and Entertainments—The Town in the Hands of School Teachers.

Monday morning trains came to town loaded down with school teachers, "mostly girls." The intellect and beauty of the feminine portion of the county is certainly well represented this week. Of course there are male teachers in attendance at institute but they are almost lost sight of in the bewildering galaxy of girls, as the theatrical press agent would say.

At 2 o'clock Monday afternoon the institute was called to order and thus the forty-first annual session of the McKean County Teachers' Institute opened its proceedings. In both attendance and instruction, certainty in the latter feature, the present session gives promise of reaching the high-water mark.

The Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins of Hazelhurst led the institute in the singing of "Old Coronation," Mrs. Hopkins presiding at the piano. The Rev. W. A. Harris of the Smethport M. E. church led the devotionals and then the Rev. Mr. Hopkins again led in singing the hymn "O Paradise." Miss Belle Carroll of Cambridge Springs rendered a delightful violin solo, "Ysaye Pieces" of Gabriel Marie.

Superintendent B. S. Bayle then introduced Dr. Search, a man so in demand that the engagement now being filled had to be arranged for nearly two and a half years ago—Dr. Search gave an inspiring talk on "Face to Face With Great Ideals." Dr. Search is a master of word-painting, and he drew on his vast stores of knowledge, travel won, of the world's great places, pictures, books and music. Many of his descriptions will never be forgotten by the audience who listened for an hour with great interest to the magnetic oratory of this prince of lecturers.

MONDAY EVENING.

The Royal Gypsy Concert Company gave a splendid evening of music and readings. In octette, duet, solo and chorus, as well as in mandolin, guitar and tambourine numbers, this wonderful combination of artists kept the crowded house on the qui vive throughout the two hours' program. Particularly in their special costume numbers, such as "The Great Yip How and His Six Little Wives," were they wonderfully effective. The second part of the program, a gypsy camp in which appropriately appareled reclined, in the subdued half-light, eight charming gypsy girls who rendered delightful gypsy music, was a fine climax to a program replete with effective features. The monologue work of Ernest Eccles was a worthy accomplishment.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The Institute opened with devotionals, led by the Rev. A. S. M. Hopkins. Following these came the singing of old hymns. Superintendent Bayle then introduced Prof. Albert of Bloomsburg, an instructor of national reputation, who held the close attention of his audience for an hour on the subject of "Fundamental Principals." Drawing from his hearers the truths he desired to present by a series of searching questions, he drove home those basic truths: The school is fundamentally a teacher and a learner, father, mother, relatives, friends, all are a child's teachers; pets, toys and all environments, his text books. "If every day at four o'clock, a teacher has put a boy's feet a little forward, though he has failed to get your sciences and Latin, I will still call you a great teacher."

Mrs. Arnold Addy was then introduced and gave a vocal solo in a voice of wonderful strength and sweetness, responding to an enthusiastic encore.

Following the intermission, Dr. Search gave an inspiring talk on lines suggested by Prof. Albert's "Fundamental Principals." He declared the ideal teaching condition to be individual instruction. No teacher can really teach a class of varying natures. Every child is a potential Raphael, Gladstone, Tennyson; but the artist eye must discover the imprisoned splendor beneath the trappings of childish faults and diffidence, and give it way of escape. Much that is blamed on heredity is merely association. If schools cannot offer counteracting environment, better close them up and devise better means. It is folly to seek to hold fifty pupils to one pace through eight years.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

After a spirited singing of "The Old Kentucky Home," Miss Maude Willis, formerly of Lock Haven Normal, was presented to the teachers. The teachers who recalled the excellent work of Miss Willis' last year gave her a hearty reception.

The theme was the place and importance of reading. Prof. Bell well said, "Reading is the finest of human blessings; the chiefest of the arts." The essential thing in reading is a sympathetic feeling, conception of the setting of the selection. The teacher must feel the pictures presented so vividly as to make them intensely real to the class. Miss Willis then interpreted "The Merchant of Venice," giving the new interpretation that recognizes Shylock as a great character, seeing clearly, and expressing in wonderful language, the discrepancy between Christian teaching and Christian practises. This was followed by "The Burial March of Dundee," the pathos relieved by two shorter selections in a humorous strain.

Dr. Albert discussed "A Negative View of Geography," showing by a recital of his boyhood experiences what geography is not. He stated as the foundation conception for each student this thought: "You are what you are, wear what you wear, eat what you do, think what you do, live as you live, almost wholly because you live where you live." He showed this by several very clever word pictures.

After two delightful solos by Mrs. Addy, the Institute adjourned.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Miss Willis gave in her inimitable way the sweet old poem "Money Musk" and responded to the vociferous encore with a dramatic rendering of "Janett's Return" with its victorious solution of the world-old battle in a woman's soul.

Dr. Search then gave his superbly illustrated lecture, "The Ten Greatest Pictures of the World." With graphic word-painting, he first took his audience upon a preparatory journey to other lesser, but still great, paintings. Through the great galleries and churches of Europe the speaker took the audience in a retrospective journey that gave new value to all the world's favorites, finally closing with a masterly pointing out of the beauties of the world's ten greatest pictures: Guido Reni's "Aurora;" DeVinci's "Last Supper;" Rembrandt's "Night Watch;" Rubon's "Descent From the Cross;" Murillo's "Immaculate Conception;" Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin;" Correggio's "Holy Night;" Michael Angelo's "Judgment," and Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and "Transfiguration."

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Singing of "Holy, Holy, Holy" and of "Star Spangled Banner." Devotions led by Rev. Watt of the Baptist church, Smethport.

Dr. Search took the subject, "Outlining the Course of Study." Every boy is a bundle of keenest interests. He wants to know everything; his questioning is endless. * * * In our training, we crush the interest out of him. Vitalize your class work; bring into your geographical thought of a place the stirring illustories enacted there. Make your dead facts live by associated warm human personalities.

Mrs. Addy sang in her entertaining style "The Swallows," and "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon." The Institute owes much to the sweet voice and charming personality of this splendid vocalist.

Miss Willis talked instructively on "The Ethical Value of Reading," concluding a charming period of instruction with an expellent rendering of "The Echo and the Fairy." An encore brought a humorous selection that caught the audience.

The McKean County Teachers' Association received the annual reports of the officers, and elected for the ensuing year: President, T. E. Lytle of Kane; secretary-treasurer, Miss Pearl Thomas of Mt. Jewett. President Lytle appointed as vice presidents, Principal Montgomery of Derrick City and Principal Spencer of Kane.

It is interesting to note the attendance at the Institute from each district, and to speculate as to whether this is indicative of the educational spirit of the localities.

Annin, 10 teachers, 9 present, 90%; Bradford, 13, 11, 85%; Corydon, 4, 3, 75%; Eldred Boro, 10, 7, 70%; Eldred township, 12, 12, 100%; Foster, 83%; Hamilton 100%; Hamlin, 94%; Kane, 13%; Keating, 100%; Lafayette, 100%; Liberty, 88%; Mt. Jewett, 45%; Norwich, 100%; Otto, 100%; Port Allegany, 67%; Sergeant, 100%; Smethport, 100% and Wetmore 85%.

Considering that the County Superintendent, in planning for a full attendance, necessarily plans for a greater expenditure than can be sustained by a partial attendance, it seems very unsatisfactory that some of our largest districts fall so in loyalty to the Institute. Without it each district would sink into death by isolation; it is the one thing that gives dignity and enlargement to the school life of the county. And it costs the county $3,000.

Let's be loyal and serve ourselves by sustaining our Institute.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

After singing, led by Rev. Hopkins, Prof. Albert resumed his work on geography. He urged less confinement to non-essentials, and greater breadth from attention to the gaunt underlying facts of this most charming subject.

Following Dr. Albert came Miss Mrs. Addy, whose magnificent voice, developed to the highest efficiency by thoroughness of training, is a feature of the forty-first Institute that will never be forgotten by us who have sat entranced day after day under the enchantment of the sweet Scottish melodies and heart songs of other lands. Prof. Bayle merits great commendation for his enterprise in many lines his power of organization and patient holding to the ideal until its accomplishment; the courteous firmness that achieves end with so little of friction or the groanings of resisting inertia; but the unselfish generosity that places our teachers such talent as has appeared upon the day and evening platforms this week, is the cap-stone of his edifice of worthy achievement.

After a brief intermission, Superintendent Miller of Bradford spoke in his characteristically happy vein on discipline. With graphic expression that scorned not the aid of most modern phrase when it seemed "pat," he laid down the principle that effective discipline is to adapt the means to the offense; to take the pupils' challenge in a spirit of kindly emulation, and carry against him his own game.

Dr. Search gave a delightful talk on a visit to Pestalozzi's chateau in Switzerland. The red-tape about the schools of Europe was a point of much interest to our teachers. No one is allowed to visit the schools. The Superintendent had to carefully fill out, sign, present and file away a permit to himself to visit his own school.

Miss Willis gave that beautiful bird poem, "Bob of Link," imitating the strains of that feathered vocalist, the sounds appropriately adjusted to the words of the poem. As an encore, the troubles of a little girl-housekeeper aroused hilarious merriment.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Mrs. Addy gave in her own best way the beautiful song, "Waiting at Home," and on the inevitable encore "Tar Over Yonder."

Daniel Powers was the attraction of the evening and needs no introduction or comment. The play was "Lord Chumley;" and the stage was at once peopled by seven distinct and widely different personalities,—differing in voice, rate of utterance, attitude, etc., in fact no one saw the artist Powers but only the magic puppets with which he peopled the stage.

Sued For Libel.

Eugene L. Martin, editor of the Venango Spectator and chairman of the Democratic county committee, Tuesday afternoon filed in court a suit for libel against the Venango Printing Co., and David B. McCalmont, vice president of the concern. He asks $10,000 damages.

It seems that a wag in a poetic mood a writer on the Venango Herald wrote a limerick that when printed is alleged to have damaged Mr. Martin to the amount above stated. The statement of claim recites that the plaintiff is a good, true and honest citizen of the commonwealth and in no way resembling the description so rudely set forth in verse. The plaintiff declares that he is not a liar and has been greatly injured, that by reason of the publication of the verse in question people believe him to be untruthful and dishonest and have since "wholly refused to have any transaction or acquaintance with the plaintiff."

The Bradford Era says: The Venango Herald is edited by H. B. Milward, formerly Prohibition county chairman of McKean county and widely known as a writer and lecturer. Whether he wrote the alleged poetry in this case, or not, is unknown, but he is quite a poet on occasion. He has written many stirring Prohibition songs and has sung them. Mr. Milward is a zealous Prohibitionist and delights in jarring the political situation by hot rhetorical shot aimed at the old parties and those who are affiliated with them.

Bradford Fight Results in Shooting.

Edward Zink and Patsy Colombo are young men who have been employed in the silk mill at Bradford. On Tuesday during the noon hour they agreed to settle some personal trouble with a fist fight, but Colombo, who is an Italian, drew a revolver and shot Zink in the hip, inflicting a flesh wound, which is not serious. He was taken to his home on Seward avenue and Dr. D. E. Ash dressed his injury. Colombo fled after the shooting and was last seen going over the hill in the direction of Kinzua Junction, until he walked into the Bradford police station last night and gave himself up. Colombo stated that he carried a revolver for self-defense and that he had shot at Fink with the intention of killing him. He said that Fink had a gun. His reason for the shooting was that Fink continually called him a "Ginney."

—L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

Death of Ira Burdick.

Ira Burdick, born February 27, 1823, died at the home of his grandson, Ralph H. Burdick of Smethport, October 20, 1907.

The deceased was a resident of Norwich township where he had lived almost eighty-five years, and was one of the original members of the old Norwich Baptist church.

His long life has been one beautifully consistent with the Christian faith which he professed and loved. His marriage with Miss Armena Brewer was a happy one of over sixty years, when about two years ago death called his wife to the better land. Five sons came to gladden their happy home: Wilson R., who died Oct. 18th, 1874, Chester A., a business man of Smethport, Byron F., a business man of Syracuse, N. Y., Frank A., a farmer of Keating township, and Emmett P., a railroad business man of Pittsburg.

The pall bearers were the four sons and the flower bearers two grandsons, A. Sidney and Wade Burdick.

The funeral services were held at the church in Colegrove, the Rev. T. D. Ware officiating. The text was chosen from Psalm 71:5, "For thou art my hope, O Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth." These words beautifully fitted a life so long in the faith, and so anchored in God's hope.

The deceased belonged to a family of remarkable longevity, he leaving three brothers, Ransom Burdick of Weedsport, N. Y., aged 99 years; George Burdick of Mt. Jewett, aged 88 years; G. A. Burdick of Norwich and one sister, Mrs. Emily Chapin of Weedsport, N. Y.

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won
Now comes rest."

Charles Gleisner's Sad Ending.

Charles Gleisner, aged about 35 years, killed himself in the Port Allegany lock up last Thursday morning while temporarily insane. The man was acting strangely on the streets Wednesday night and the policeman thought it best to lock him up until he could receive medical attention.

He was found in the morning hanging from an iron pipe, having made a rope from a handkerchief and strangled himself to death. Worry over financial matters is given as the reason for his demented condition.

Mr. Gleisner was a glass cutter, at one time employed in Smethport, where he had many friends. He sang the leading male role in "The Little Tycoon," when that opera was put on by local talent at the Lyceum in May, 1906.

Mr. Gleisner lived in a New Jersey town where his body was taken for burial. He leaves a widow and four children.

Mrs. Nellie Palmer Dead.

Mrs. Nellie Palmer died at her home in Farmers Valley last Sunday morning after a long illness with cancer.

Mrs. Palmer was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Tyler and was married to C. L. Palmer, who survives her, about 24 years ago. She was about 44 years of age at the time of her death. Mrs. Palmer was a most estimable woman with a host of friends who received the news of her death with great sadness.

The funeral was held at the Union church, Farmers Valley, Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the Rev. Jerome Smith officiating. Burial was in the Farmers Valley cemetery, the Grange having charge of the services at the grave.

Will Start To-morrow Night.

The Smethport Window Glass factory will start making glass to-morrow at midnight. The plant expects to start operations with a full crew of workmen and indications for a long and successful run are as promising as can be expect in the present state of the glass-making business. Many of the old workmen have returned to Smethport, and a number of new faces, are seen. Well, here's hoping the fire may be a long and prosperous one for both workmen and manufactures.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 26, 1907:

Mrs. Louise Beecham (2), Mrs. A. Barnard, K. Nunn, Miss Mamie Robison (2), C. H. Smith, T. J. Wiley.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice to Team Owners.

Teams wanted to haul wood by the day or cord. Steady from now until spring. Good contracts given to responsible parties.

B. F. HAZELTON Co.

For particulars write or call on H. E. LINDQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

For sale—New modern residence on West King street, one of the finest locations and a bargain. S. P. Button.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Henry Herring, an old citizen of Smethport, died at his residence on King street at 11 a. m., on the 4th of July, 1887, aged 80 years. Mr. Herring was born in Denmark and came to this country when about 18 years of age. Very little is known of his early history. He first came to Smethport about 50 years ago. In July, 1861, he enlisted with Capt. John C. Backus for 3 years' service in the war in Co. E, 53th Regt. Pa. Vols. He was mustered into the service at Camp Curtain in Harrisburg on Sept. 26th of the same year. He was a faithful soldier and always ready for duty when called upon. On June 3, 1864, at the battle of Cold Harbor, Virginia, he was wounded twice, first in the jaw and afterwards in the head—a buckshot wound. Notwithstanding his wounds he remained with the company until June 15th, although he suffered considerable pain all the time. That day he was ordered to the hospital in the field which was between Petersburg and Appomattox, by the surgeon of the regiment. On the 24th of June the soldiers of the 53th regiment were granted a veterans' furlough. Herring came home and remained until the regiment was again ordered to active service on August 25th. From that time on until the regiment was mustered out in January, 1866, Herring was continuously with his company. The wound in his head continued to annoy him more or less until about five years ago when it assumed the character of a cancer. From that time on it had grown more and more serious until it culminated in his death, when his head was literally a mass of putrefaction. He was buried on Tuesday, the services at his residence being conducted by the Rev. J. H. McCandless and commencing at 2 p. m. The remains were accompanied to the cemetery by Post 347, G.A.R., of which he was a comrade, and the services at the grave as laid down in the ritual of that organization were followed in the burial exercises. They were beautiful and impressive. Herring was a temperate, frugal man, and at one time owned all of square 86 on King street in this borough. A few years ago he sold off the two lots on the eastern side on which are now the residences of W. J. Colegrove and Warley Gifford. The southwestern corner lot is now owned by J. W. Boylon, Esq. On the property that he retained he built a very good house several years ago in which he was living at the time of his death. He left no heirs excepting distant relatives. On April 2nd, last he sent for John Fortest, who drew up his will, which was witnessed by Jay Kibbey, the man who has taken care of him for the past three months. In his will he appoints Messrs. John C. Hamlin and Geo. W. Williams of this borough his executors. He wills all the personal property he left to Frank Andrews, whose family has occupied his house and with whom he has lived for the past three years. He directs the executors to pay all his obligations, funeral expenses, etc., and to erect a monument over his grave not to exceed $40 in value. The real estate he wills to his executors—two-thirds to Mr. Hamlin and one-third to Mr. Williams. The amount which the executors will receive will not exceed $1500 and probably not that sum. The executors have been warm friends of the deceased for a long time, and months ago he sent for them and requested that they see he was comfortably cared for. They have faithfully carried out that request. There was one clause in the will which it is unfortunate was not known before the funeral. Mr. Herring provided that his funeral services should be conducted in accordance with the rites of the Methodist church. The executors assure us that they had no knowledge of any such clause, and in fact never saw the will until after the funeral. Mr. Forrest had been absent from home some time, therefore no one knew of Mr. Herring's wishes in this respect, unless it was Mr. Kibbey, who has been absent from Smethport since last Friday. The executors express great regret that the wishes of the deceased as to the funeral obsequies were not carried out.

Prof. McGowan, principal of our graded school, and Miss May Lewis, one of the teachers in the same, were married at Fredonia, N. Y. last week. The MINER unites with many friends of the happy couple in this place in extending congratulations. July, 1887.

Mr. and Mrs. Duello Gifford of Keating township are rejoicing over the arrival at their home of twin girls. Such an occurrence as that is calculated to fill any household with great joy. July, 1887.

C. M. Capehart, of the extract works, slipped and fell while engaged at work Thursday afternoon, July 14, 1887, and broke his leg. The unfortunate man has the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

Saturday, July 16, 1887, was the warmest day of the season. For several hours during the day the thermometer registered at 100 degrees.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Will Retire.

After something over two years as proprietor of the Commercial hotel, as this issue goes to press, A. L. Colegrove has concluded to retire, surrendering his lease to the owner, E. W. Long, who will take possession just as soon as the license is transferred by the court.

During the period the Commercial has been presided over by Mr. Colegrove and his estimable wife, the house has lost nothing of its original reputation as one of the best hotels in the country, but on the contrary has gained ground in the estimation of the traveling public, which if not a matter of profit, must certainly be one of gratification to Mr. and Mrs. Colegrove.

With the transfer of the house to Mr. Long, Mr. and Mrs. Colegrove, with their children, will take up their residence at Olean, but as to what they will engage in has not yet been determined.

As residents of Mt. Jewett, the members of the Colegrove family have accumulated a host of friends, who, while regretting their determination to leave, extend them their best wishes for their future success and happiness.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

The Sartwell Coming.

C. S. King has purchased the new gas well drilled in last week on the Davis flat, of the other stockholders, secured a continuous lease of Mrs. Davis and is piping the gas to his hostelry. This well will supply the hotel. Thus Mr. King is furnishing his own lights and fuel from his gas well; his own water from his water well; his own milk and butter from his dairy and from the fact that he is raising a big crop of corn on his lot back of his house, we infer that he contemplates manufacturing his own brand of whiskey. He sweeps the hotel with compressed air; calls his guests to meals by electricity and machinery; does the laundry with a gas engine but he still makes up the beds with a hired girl. He is figuring on an automaton that will carry refreshments to the third story and elsewhere about the house, run errands and call down the dining room girls. When this is accomplished Chet is going to take a vacation.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Tuesday's Philadelphia Inquirer Says

Election day is due one week from to-day.

Citizens of Pennsylvania have not been called upon to enter upon a spontaneous campaign, but that is no reason why they should forget that an election is coming off.

It would be well for every Republican to remember that we are on the eve of a Presidential contest, and that it is the Republican party that must be depended on to guide the nation in the choice of a successor to Roosevelt. There should be no faltering in the Republican ranks anywhere. The party ought to present a strong front to the opposition, to get into line for the battle ahead of us.

Fortunately, the Republican Party in Pennsylvania has a candidate for State Treasurer in whom it can place the utmost confidence. There is every reason then why there should be a full vote cast on Tuesday next. There can be no excuse for forgetfulness or inattention.

Adventure in Panama.

Bradford Star: James Casper, formerly an engineer on the B., R. & P., but now in Panama had a noteworthy experience recently. James is a crack shot with a revolver and as there might be various uses down there for a good gun, he sent to a friend up in this neck o' woods to get him the best Smith & Wesson, 38-calibre, special, that could be had. He got it and as things turned out he did not get it too soon. A few days after receiving the weapon, Mr. Casper was out with his train and stopped in a wild spot to take water, when a jaguar came bounding out of the jungle with a view of making a meal of him. Then was the moment when a good revolver in the hands of a crack marksman came in handy, and the ferocious beast went down under his sure aim. James felt so elated over his good shot and escape that he had the animal skinned and sent the hide to a friend down in Marion Center.

I have some sidewalk lumber, also some 8x12 and 2x12 18 and 20 feet long for sale cheap. James Quirk.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Wanted—Young girl in private family to care for child and attend school. Address, Box 48, Smethport.

Wanted—A good cook to act as first girl. Call on or address Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

If you appreciate good candy buy Belle Mead Sweets at McCoy's Drug Store.

Wanted—A girl for general house work. Apply or address Mrs. H. C. Wells.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Four cows for sale. F. A. Burdick, Keating township.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

The War For Supremacy

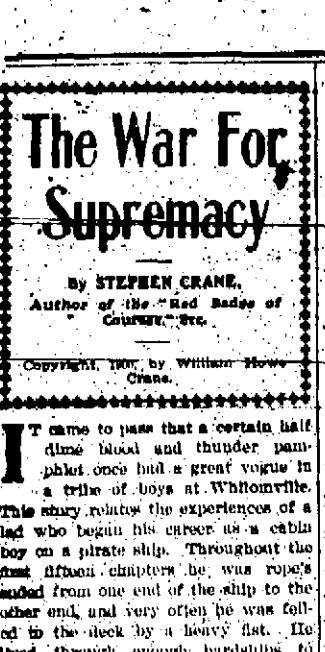
By STEPHEN CRANE,
Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," Etc.

Copyright, 1900, by William Howe Crane.

It came to pass that a certain half dime blood and thunder pamphlet once had a great vogue in a tribe of boys at Whilomville. This story relates the experiences of a lad who began his career as a cabin boy on a pirate ship. Throughout the first fifteen chapters he was rope's ended from one end of the ship to the other end, and very often he was felled to the deck by a heavy fist. He lived through enough hardships to have killed a battalion of Turkish soldiers, but in the end he rose upon them. Yes, he rose upon them. Hordes of pirates fell before his intrepid arm, and in the last chapters of the book he is seen jauntily careering on his own hook as one of the most gallant pirate captains that ever sailed the seas.

Naturally when this tale was thoroughly understood by the tribe they had to dramatize it, although it was a dramatization that would gain no royalties for the author. Now, it was plain that the wealth who was cast for the cabin-boy's part would lead a life. Throughout the first fifteen chapters while it would attract few actors. Willie Dalzel, the chief, developed a scheme by which some small lad would play cabin boy during this period of misfortune and abuse, and then when the cabin boy came to the part where he slew all his enemies and reached his zenith he, Willie Dalzel, should take the part.

This fugitive and disconnected reporting of a great play opened in Jimmie Trescott's back garden. The path between the two lines of gooseberry bushes was elected unanimously to be the ship. Then Willie Dalzel insisted that Homer Phelps should be the cabin boy. Homer tried the position for a time and then elected that he would resign in favor of some other victim. There was no other applicant to succeed him, whereupon it became necessary to press some boy. Jimmie Trescott was a great actor, as is well known, but he steadfastly refused to engage for the part. Ultimately they seized upon little Dan Earl, whose disposition was so milky and docile that he would do whatever anybody asked him. But Dan Earl made the one first revolt of his life after trying existence as a cabin boy for some ten minutes. Willie Dalzel was in despair. Then he suddenly sighted the little brother of Johnnie Hedge, who had come into the garden and in a poor little stranger sort of fashion was looking wistfully at the play. When he was invited to become the cabin boy he accepted joyfully, thinking that it was his initiation into the tribe. Then they proceeded to give him the rope's end and to punch him with a realism which was not altogether painless. Directly he began to cry out. They exhorted him not to cry out, not to mind it, but still they continued to hurt him.



TWO CABIN BOYS.

There was a commotion among the gooseberry bushes, two branches were swept aside, and Johnnie Hedge, a new boy who did not belong to the tribe, walked down upon them. Every boy stopped in his tracks. Johnnie was boiling with rage.

"Who hurt him?" he said ferociously. "Did you?" He had looked at Willie Dalzel.

Willie Dalzel began to mumble: "We was on'y playin'. Wasn't nothin' for him to cry for."

The newcomer had at his command some big phrases, and he used them. "I am goin' to whip you within an inch of your life. I am goin' to tan the hide off'n you." And immediately there was a mixture, an infusion of two boys which looked as if it had been done by a chemist. The other children stood back, stricken with horror. But out of this whirl they promptly perceived the figure of Willie Dalzel seated on the chest of the Hedge boy.

"Got enough?" asked Willie hoarsely.

"No," choked out the Hedge boy. Then there was another flapping and floundering and finally another calm.

"Got enough?" asked Willie.

"No," said the Hedge boy. A fort of war cloud again passed the sight of the observers. Both combatants were breathless, bloodless in their faces and very weak.

"Got enough?" said Willie.

"No," said the Hedge boy. The carnage was again renewed. All the spectators were silent but Johnnie Hedge's little brother, who exhorted him to continue the struggle, but it was not plain that the Hedge boy needed any encouragement, for he was crying bitterly, and it has been explained that when a boy cried it was a bad time to hope for peace. He had managed to wriggle over upon his hands and knees, but Willie Dalzel was tenaciously gripping him from the back, and it seemed that his strength would spend itself in futility. The bear cub seemed to have the advantage of the working model of the windmill. They heaved, uttered strange words, wept, and the sun looked down upon them with steady, unwinking eye.

Now, Peter Washington, the doctor's coachman, came out of the stable and observed this tragedy of the back garden. He stood transfixed for a moment and then ran toward it, shouting: "Hi, what's all dish yere? Hi! Stopper dat, stopper dat, you two! For fun' sake, what's all dish yere?" He grabbed the struggling boys and pulled them apart. He was stormy and fine in his indignation. "For fun' sake! You two kids act like you gwine mad dogs. Stopper dat!" The whitened, tearful, soiled combatants, their clothing all awry, glared fiercely at each other as Peter stood between them declaiming. They made several futile attempts to circumvent him and again come to battle. As he fended them off with his open hands he delivered his reproaches at Jimmie. "It's s'prised at you! I ashtanishly is!"

"Why?" said Jimmie. "I ain't done nothin'. What have I done?"

"Y-y-you done 'courage—dese yere kids to scrap," said Peter virtuously.

"No?" cried Jimmie. "I ain't had nothin' to do with it."

"I ralkon you ain't," retorted Peter, with heavy sarcasm. "I ralkon you been er-prayin', ain't you?" Turning to Willie Dalzel, he said, "You jest take an' run erlong outer dish yere or I'll jest mechanilly take an' gimmecrackill you." Willie Dalzel went. To the new boy Peter said: "You look like you had some sabes, but I ralkon you don't know no more'n er rabbit. You jest take an' tear erlong off home, an' don' lemme ketch you round yere er-fightin' or I'll break yer back." The Hedge boy moved away with dignity, followed by his little brother. The latter, when he had placed a sufficient distance between himself and Peter, pointed his fingers at his nose and called out:

"Nig-ger-er-r! Nig-ger-er!"

Peter Washington's resentment leaped out upon Jimmie.

"Dem's like you never would understand you ain't reglar common trash. You take my 'vice and 'sociate with nobody what dey-se come erlong."

"Aw, git 'ell," retorted Jimmie precisely. "Go soak your head, Peter."

The rejoining boys retired to the street, whereupon they perceived Willie Dalzel in the distance. He ran to them.

"I licked him!" he shouted exultantly. "I licked him! Didn't I, now?"

From the Whilomville point of view he was entitled to a favorable answer. They made it. "Yes," they said, "you did."

"I run in," cried Willie, "an' I grabbed 'im, an' afore he knew what it was I throwed 'im. Ah' then it was easy." He puffed out his chest and smiled like an English recruiting sergeant. "An' now," said he, suddenly facing Jimmie Trescott, "whose side were you on?"

The question was direct and startling. Jimmie gave back two paces. "He licked you once," he explained haltingly.

"He never saw the day when he could lick one side of me. I could lick him with my left hand tied behind me.

"WHO HURT HIM?" HE SAID FEROCIOUSLY.

Why, I could lick him when I was asleep." Willie Dalzel was magnificent.

A gate clicked, and Johnnie Hedge was seen to be strolling toward them.

"You said," he remarked coldly, "you licked me, didn't you?"

Willie Dalzel stood his ground. "Yes," he said stoutly.

"Well, you're a liar," said the Hedge boy.

"You're another," retorted Willie.

"No, I ain't either, but you're a liar."

"You're another," retorted Willie.

"Don't you dare tell me I'm a liar or I'll smack your mouth for you," said the Hedge boy.

"Well, I did, didn't I?" barked Willie. "An' whatche goin' to do about it?"

"I'm goin' to hurt you," said the Hedge boy.

He approached to attack warily, and the other boys held their breaths. Willie Dalzel winced back a pace. "Hol' on a minute," he cried, raising his palms. "I'm not"—

But the comic windmill was again in motion, and between gasps from his exertions Johnnie Hedge remarked, "I'll show—you—whether—you kin—lick me—or not."

The first blows did not reach home on Willie, for he backed away with expedition, keeping up his futile cry, "Hol' on a minute!" Soon enough a swinging fist landed on his cheek. It did not knock him down, but it hurt him a little and frightened him a great deal. He suddenly opened his mouth to an amazing and startling extent, tilted back his head and howled, while his eyes, glittering with tears, were fixed upon this scowling butcher of a Johnnie Hedge. The latter was making slow and vicious circles, evidently intending to renew the massacre.

But the spectators really had been desolated and shocked by the terrible thing which had happened to Willie Dalzel. They now cried out: "No, no; don't hit 'im any more! Don't hit 'im any more!"

Jimmie Trescott, in a panic of bravery, yelled, "We'll all jump on you if you do."

The Hedge boy paused, at bay. He breathed angrily and flashed his glance from lad to lad. They still protested: "No, no; don't hit 'im any more! Don't hit 'im no more!"

"I'll hammer him until he can't stand up," said Johnnie, observing that they all feared him. "I'll fix him so he won't know himself, in it any of you kids bother with me"—

Suddenly he ceased, he trembled, he collapsed. The hand of one approaching from behind had laid hold upon his ear, and it was the hand of one whom he knew.

The other lads heard a loud, truculent voice say, "Caught ye at it again, yo brat, ye!" They saw a dreadful woman with gray hair, with a sharp, red nose, with bare arms, with spectacles of such magnifying quality that her eyes shone through them like two fierce white moons. She was Johnnie Hedge's mother. Still holding Johnnie by the ear, she swung out swiftly and dexterously and succeeded in boxing the ears of two boys before the crowd regained its presence of mind and stampeded. Yes, the war for supremacy was over, and the question was never again to be raised. The supreme power was Mrs. Hedge.

His Fair Share.

In a western Kentucky town Ben Watson had saved the life of Myra Underhill, says Harper's Weekly. Miss Underhill had been overturned in a creek with a swift current, and the act of young Watson was a very heroic one. He had saved the life of the girl after she was sinking for the third time and had barely strength to pull himself and the young woman to shallow water.

The news soon spread, and Ben Watson was hailed as the real live hero of the village.

Aunt Tabby Wilson, the oldest woman in the village, the mother of the little colony, was loud in praise of the heroism of the young man, and at once declared that Ben and Myra must get married. "Hen saved Myry's life," she said, "and now they must marry and be happy ever afterward, just as they do it in the story books."

But Ben demurred. The arrangement did not suit him.

"Why not marry Myry, Ben?" said the old lady. "She is yours, and we must have a wedding."

"She is a nice girl, all right," replied Ben, "but I don't think we ought er marry. Seems to me," he went on, "I have done enough for Myry."

Followed Instructions.

Cricket is a fairly well known pastime, but there are still a few benighted individuals who do not understand the intricacies of the game, and the Muggleton eleven discovered one of these recently while they were playing Paddleton. They were a man short, and, as the wickets had been falling at a fast and furious rate, they looked for a substitute. Hodge, the cow keeper, was approached.

"Garn!" he said. "I can't play cricket." But on being assured that all he need do was to hit the ball as hard as he could he took his place at the wicket. He caught the first ball a mighty whack and sent it spinning away to the far boundary.

"Run, Hodge; run as fast as you can!" he heard, every one shout, and, seeing the other batsman, the local blacksmith, coming toward him, swinging his bat, Hodge did run, and he didn't stop till he was safe over the farther gate.

"What did I do to 'im, I wonder?" he muttered. "Anyhow he never caught me. That's a blessing!"—Tit-Bits.

Force of Habit.

Why do you always walk on the same side of the street? Why do you always put on the same boot first? Just force of habit. Habit is a splendid time and energy saver. If we had to think before we did each of the little things that now we do automatically, our minds would be tired when we brought them to tackle more important matters. Habit makes things easy, too, call it by what name you like. Sometimes it is known as system, and in this form it is habit that rules the world. On the other hand, don't let habit get hold of you if it is not helping you.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pinoules at night usually relieves backache. 80 days' treatment $1.60. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Scrap Book

Pat's Arithmetic.

They were driving around the coast of Killarney on one of the jaunting cars and got to talking with the driver. Among the information he gave them was that the clergy exacted a tenth of every person's property for the use of the church.

"That's a big slice out of your income, Pat," said one.

"Arrah, that's nothing! Bless your soul, they'd be after takin' a twentieth if they could."

LOVING.

Unless you can think when the song is done
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel when left by one
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know when unpraised by his breath
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear, "For life, for death!"
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh, never call it loving!

—Mrs. Browning.

The Coat With a Hole in It.

An old colored farmer near Washington, having sold his crops, came to town to find a safe place for his money. He consulted a friend, who took him to the People's bank, which had been established for colored people, introduced him, deposited his money and got a bank book for him. When the farmer came to deposit the money for the next crop he found a colored man in charge and asked:

"What's de pres'dunt, mister?"

"He has resigned, and I have his place now."

"You got de white gemman's place now?"

"Yes, and I hope to serve you just as well as he did, and be equally worthy of your patronage."

"You moughter be dat, Mr. Pres'dunt, but I'd lak fer you ter hand me dat money I 'posited las' June, too, if you please. I done tuck notus dat whenever a white man gibs a nigger his coat, the coat is got a hole in it also."

The bank soon afterward failed, and the depositors lost everything.—Lippincott's.

He Did His Best.

A hungry Irishman went into a restaurant on Friday and said to the waiter:

"Have yez any whale?"

"No."

"Have yez any shark?"

"No."

"Have yez any swordfish?"

"No."

"Have yez any jellyfish?"

"No."

"All right," said the Irishman. "Then bring me ham and eggs and a beefsteak smothered wid onions. The Lord knows I asked for fish."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Opened by Mistake.

The man had been rushed to the hospital and after a hurried diagnosis was operated upon for appendicitis. But the surgeon found nothing wrong with his appendix, so he sewed him up and sent the man back to his wife with this note pinned to his clothes: "Dear Madam—I opened your male by mistake. Humbly beg your pardon. Dr. Black."

Declining a Manuscript.

This is how the editor of a paper in China declines a manuscript: "Illustrious brother of the sun and moon! Look upon the slave who toils at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live. We have read the manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never before have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it, his majesty the emperor would order us to take it as a criterion and never again print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before 10,000 years, all tremblingly we return thy manuscript and beg thee 10,000 pardons. See—my head is at thy feet, and I am the slave of thy servant."

As the Boy Saw It.

An Englishman tells the story of a boy who saw an exceedingly bowlegged man standing in front of a hot fire. Finally he could restrain himself no longer and said: "Hey, mister, you'd better get away from there. You'se warpin'."

The Loan Was Returned.

Just why she was carrying a five cent piece in her hand as she climbed into the car was not quite clear. A stout gentleman in the cross seat in front of her turned as she entered, for she was very pretty. His hat brim struck the hand with the nickel daintily held between thumb and finger, and the coin dropped down his back.

"I'm really very sorry," she stammered as he gave a convulsive shudder, for it was evident that the nickel was sliding down the length of his spine.

"It's of no consequence at all," said the stout gentleman. "I don't feel it at all now. If you have a silver dollar or a gold locket or"—

"But," she began, still more flustered, "I really must have it back again, for it's the only change I have."

The smile dropped off the face of the stout gentleman, and he began to look apprehensive. His hands moved fairingly toward the center button and then fluttered toward his belt buckle.

"Hold on there!" shouted a bald old gentleman further along the seat. "If it's coming to that, we'll take up a collection. For the time being that nickel has got to stay right where it is."

And the stout gentleman, catching the suggestion, put his hand into his pocket and, with a low bow, said, "Permit me, madam, to return your loan."

Not a Sport.

A well known clubman of Boston was married during the early days of last winter to a charming Wellesley girl, who, of her many accomplishments, is proudest of her cooking.

The husband returned late one afternoon to his home in Brookline to discover that his wife was "all tired out."

"You look dreadfully fatigued, little one," came from hubby in a sympathetic tone.

"I am," was the reply. "You see, dear, I heard you say that you liked rabbit, so early this morning I went to the market to get you one. I meant to surprise you with a broiled rabbit for dinner, but I'm afraid you'll have to take something else. I've been hard at work on the rabbit all day, and I haven't got it more than half picked."—Lippincott's.

Against His Creed.

The noted Rabbi Hirsch had arisen to give his seat to a young woman in a crowded street car, but before she could take it a burly young fellow slid into it.

The Rabbi looked intently at him, and, after an uncomfortable silence, the young fellow blurted out: "Well, what're you glarin' at me for? Want to eat me?"

"No," calmly replied the rabbi, "I am forbidden to eat pork. I am a Jew."—Chicago News.

Dead Letter Office Mail.

A traveling man received the following telegram from his wife:

"Twins arrived tonight. More by mail."

He went at once to the nearest office and sent the following reply:

"I leave for home tonight. If more come by mail, send to dead letter office."

More Than They Wanted.

On his trip homeward by trolley a tired business man was annoyed by three middle aged ladies who stood near him. They seemed determined that he should offer one of them his seat.

He screened himself behind his paper and listened to plainly audible remarks about the decline of gallantry. This grated on his nerves, so he arose and, with a profound bow, addressed the three.

"Will the oldest of you ladies honor me by accepting my place?"

Then they became interested in the advertisements over the windows, and the man resumed his seat.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Close View.

Telescope Proprietor—Step up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. One penny, mimi."

Old Lady—Oh, lor'! Hadn't it round and smooth!

Telescope Proprietor—Will the lady-headed geni please step away from the front of the instrument?

Two Foolish Situations.

A farmer went into a hardware store and while purchasing some tools was asked by the proprietor if he did not want to buy a bicycle.

"A bicycle won't eat its head off," said the man, "and you can ride around your farm on it. They're cheap now, and I can let you have one for $35."

"I'd rather put the $35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"You'd look almighty foolish riding round your farm on a cow," said the hardware man sarcastically.

"No more foolish than I would milking a bicycle."

A Sure Cure.

He was very sick, and his doctor told him that he had to change his mode of living and prescribed "going to bed early, eating more roast beef, drinking beef tea, a month's rest at some quiet watering place and just one cigar a day." A month later the invalid met the doctor, and the latter complimented him on his improved appearance.

"Yes, doctor," said the patient, "I look better because I am better. I went to bed early, ate more roast beef, spent a month in the country and took great care of myself, but that one cigar a day nearly killed me, for I had never smoked before."

Washington and Teacher Differed.

The teacher was announcing the holiday of Feb. 22 and asking them questions concerning its observance, among others, why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than that of any one else. "Why," she added, "more than mine? You may tell me," she said to a little fellow eager to explain.

"Because he never told a lie!"

The After College Girl's Complaint.

A lady was calling on some friends one summer afternoon. The talk buzzed along briskly, fans waved and the daughter of the house kept twitching uncomfortably, frowning and making little smothered exclamations of annoyance. Finally, with a sigh, she rose and left the room.

"Your daughter," said the visitor, "seems to be suffering from the heat."

"No," said the hostess. "She is just back home from college, and she is suffering from the family grammar."

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Man Zad Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

SENATE AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—G. F. Barclay, Smethport.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—J. E. Ball, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Wagner, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayles, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strang.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; A. A. Abbey, Alfred Hagberg, H. H. Sisson.
Justices—E. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—K. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, treas.; W. F. Specht, sec'y; John B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. B. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HOWARD H. BENEDICT, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month, 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

G. H. DENNISON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 327, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 183, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Keyes Hall.

J. D. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evenings at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. H. FOSTER, R. K. W. H. Middlecoff, Com.

I. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Thursday afternoon.

ELIZABETH KIBBEE, Com.
BELLE EAGAR, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 43, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Duke's block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.

Miss E. A. OAKLEY, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 88, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mrs. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Miss. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Degan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 31, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Get out the vote next Tuesday.

—Read Fry & Comes new ad in today's issue.

—E. W. Strong has a change of advertisement to which your attention is directed.

—A woman at Braddock, Pa., was recently arrested and fined $7 for having made ugly faces and sticking out her tongue at policemen. The cops were quite indignant over her rudeness.

—The Shawmut railroad company has recently placed an order for ten new heavy-weight freight engines and two new fast passenger engines, equipment needed to take care of the rapidly increasing tonnage to be moved.

—M. C. Arnot, aged 67 years, a resident of Bartville, Potter county, for 16 years, was found dead beside a boiler attached to a portable sawmill outfit last Thursday morning. The body was found by his son. Apoplexy was the cause of death.

—Lawrence McNulty, who formerly worked in Bradford, was arrested in Buffalo Saturday night on suspicion of having been implicated in the murder of Daisy Stauch, a young woman of bad repute, who was brutally strangled to death in a rooming house, but McNulty proved that he had nothing to do with the crime and was let go.

The following glassworkers of this place will soon go to Smethport where they will be employed. Harry Estep, W. W. Rhodes, Luke Flynn, John Abbott, George Shunk, William Gass, Walter Warringer, John Deitrick, Thomas Roberts, Dave Gouchie, James Jones, Edward Page, George Garland and Harry Anderson. — Coudersport Democrat.

—Port Allegany Argus: Some good bear stories are being brought down from Liberty. On last Friday Almeron and Otis Lyman of that place killed a fine bear weighing 200 pounds, at the head of Rock Run. On Saturday another bear was killed in the same vicinity by the same hunters. They also encountered a panther one evening while returning after a hatchet which had been left near a trap. The brute was in a tree ready to spring when seen by the hunters. They fired several shots into the beast but it escaped them.

Our Flight Through Space.

Vega is the star toward which our sun is ceaselessly rushing through the infinite regions of space, carrying the earth and all of the other planets with him. Though we are pursuing this journey at the speed of eleven miles a second, so that at the end of each day we are almost 1,000,000 miles nearer the star than we were at the beginning, yet at least 1,000,000 years will elapse before we overtake and drift past this great sun. Were the life of man on earth not so short, how wonderfully would he see the face of the heavens change as he passed through our universe of stars. The Great Dipper, the Northern Cross and even the Milky Way itself would appear to take new forms as he passed on and viewed them from a different direction, and as he drew near the blue star Vega, a sun enormously larger and hotter than our own, it would shine out with extraordinary brilliancy.

Words of Praise

For the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed, as given by leaders in all the several schools of medicine, should have far more weight than any amount of non-professional testimonials. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has THE BADGE OF HONESTY on every bottle-wrapper, in a full list of all its ingredients printed in plain English.

If you are an invalid woman and suffer from frequent headache, backache, gnawing distress in stomach, periodical pains, discharges, nervousness, pelvic dragging-down distress in lower abdomen or pelvis, perhaps dark spots or specks dancing before the eyes, faint spells and blinding symptoms caused by female weakness, or the derangement of the feminine organs, you can not do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hospital, surgeon's knife and operating table may be avoided by the timely use of "Favorite Prescription" in such cases. Thereby the shocking examinations and questionings of the family physician can be avoided and a thorough course of successful treatment carried out in the privacy of the home. "Favorite Prescription" is composed of the very best native medicinal roots known to medical science for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments, contains no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs.

Do not expect too much from "Favorite Prescription;" it will not perform miracles; it will not dissolve or cure tumors. No medicine will. It will do as much to establish vigorous health in most weaknesses and ailments peculiarly incident to women as any medicine can. It must be given a fair chance by perseverance in its use for a reasonable length of time.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this remedy of known composition.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets the best laxative and regulator of the bowels. They invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative; two or three a cathartic. Easy to take as candy.

Why Was He an Idiot?

There is a story told of a very talkative lady who met with a well deserved rebuke at a social gathering not long ago. Her husband is a man of high standing in the world of science, but the lady regards him as a dreamer of impossible dreams. "Do you know," she remarked, "that genius and imbecility are twin brothers? The world regards John as a genius. Now, there are times when I believe him to be an idiot."

A painful silence followed, broken by a young man, doctor who had overheard the remark.

"Are we to understand, madam," he said, "that Professor Y., though your husband, is so lightly esteemed by you?"

"I say what I think," she retorted. "At times John is unmistakably an idiot."

"Merely because he is your husband?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, very well," was the grim rejoinder. "We will put it another way: He is your husband because he is an idiot. Will that do?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Street Incident.

Despite the four inch sole of his left boot the man limped.

"Shine, boss?"

He looked at his feet. Yes, he needed a shine. And, leaning against a lamp post, he put first one foot and then the other on the little arab's box all glittering with bright brass nails.

"How much?" he said at the end.

"A nickel, boss."

But the cripple tapped with his umbrella the thick side of his left boot, and, smiling awkwardly, he said in a constrained voice:

"But you ought to charge extra for a thing like that."

The boy, without looking up, answered in a low tone:

"No, a nickel's enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Slaves In Old Rome.

In Rome, in the golden age, a laborer only cost $100, and sometimes, after a great victory and an influx of captives into the capital, it was possible to buy strong, capable slaves for $5 apiece. Skilled slaves, men with trades, brought higher prices. Cicero paid $1,000 for a scribe. Catiline had a cook that cost him $2,500. A gardener was worth $300, a blacksmith $750, an actor $5,000, a physician $10,000.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Brace of Metaphors.

"Young man, do you keep your ear to the ground?"

"No, sir; my time is fully occupied in keeping my nose against the grindstone."

And the pompous questioner passed on.—Washington Herald.

The Worst He Had.

"Then you have never had educational advantages?" said a good woman to a small boy.

"No, marm, not as I knows of. I've had strysipilas. If what you said is worse'n that I don't want to ketch it."

Foolish Question.

"Hello!" cried the neighbor. "What are you building a new chicken house for?"

"Why," replied Nettles, "for a flock of pink elephants, of course. You didn't suppose I'd put chickens in it, did you?"

Applause.

A friend having declared in Mrs. Siddons' hearing that applause was necessary to actors, that it gave them confidence, "More," interposed she, "it gives us breath."

Genius is a combination of aspiration and inspiration.—London Truth.

Sunday Laws of Australia.

Melbourne, Australia, has some laws which are wonders. One of them prohibits the opening of any cafe on Sunday before 11 o'clock in the morning, and the unwary American, who may not know this finds himself suddenly high and dry without a thing to eat till 11. So he soon learns, if he's in lodgings, to sleep till 11 and then forage forth.

Another nice thing that contributes to the hilarity of the Sundays here and the gayety of nations generally is that there are no street cars running till after 2 o'clock on Sundays. All the steam roads bring thousands of people into the city, but they have to walk once they are inside the city limits.

And if you buy baker's cakes and pies to be taken away from the premises you may only buy them between 1 and 3 Sunday afternoons. And you may not invite friends to dinner with you in Sydney, which is in New South Wales and under different jurisdiction, if you are living in a hotel, because in some mysterious way, which is not at all clear, you are breaking the Sunday law.—New York World.

Irish Legal Wits.

The mots of the celebrated wits—Harry Deane Grady, Lysaght and Keller—of the Irish bar early in the last century are now in large measure forgotten. Some few are, however, on record. Harry Deane Grady, a leader of the Munster bar, voted in the Irish house of commons to support the union against the wishes of his constituents, one of whom remonstrated indignantly with him on his intended course of action. "What, do you mean to sell your country?" "Yes," was the cool reply, "and very happy I am to have a country to sell."

Ned Lysaght, a celebrated wit and poetaster of the period in very embarrassed circumstances, applied to Mr. La Touche, the well known banker, for a place in his establishment. "What situation, my dear Lysaght, could possibly suit you?" said his friend, who felt himself in a difficulty. "Not only one, but two," was the reply. "Pray, what are they?" "If you will only, my dear La Touche, make me cashier for one day I'll become runner the next."—London Law Notes.

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To the Point.

In a Tennessee court an old colored woman was put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a railway train.

Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the train kill the hog in question.

"Yes, sah, I seed it."

"Then," said counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just how it occurred."

"Yo' honor," responded the old lady, "I shore kin tell yo' in a few words. It jes' tooted an' tuck him."—Cleveland Leader.

The Modern Way.

"Will you have this here woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"That's what I 'lowed I would."

"Will you love, honor and obey her?"

"Ain't you got that switched around, parson?" said the bridegroom.

"John," said the bride elect, "don't you reckon the parson knows his business? Answer the question!"

"Yes, sir," said the bridegroom meekly. "I reckon I'll have to."—Atlanta Constitution.

All Bluff.

"Yes," boasted the fortune hunting count, "all of our old family castles were on high mountains. My ancestors all lived on big bluffs."

"Indeed," replied the wise heiress, "and I see that you take after them, count!"

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver, and headache, consumption and biliousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Failure of Puss.

Puss has earned the reputation of being weatherwise. Good weather may be expected when "tabby" washes herself, but bad when she licks herself against the grain or sits with her tail to the fire.

Formerly in Scotland when a family removed from one house to another the family cat was always taken as a protection against disease. It is curious to find the opposite practice obtaining in Ireland, where it is considered highly unlucky for a family to take with them a cat when they are "flitting," especially so if they have to cross a river. There is a popular belief that a cat born in the month of May is of no use whatever for catching rats and mice, but exerts an injurious influence on the house through bringing into it disagreeable reptiles of various kinds.—Notes and Queries.

In Scotland black cats are supposed to bring not only good luck, but also lovers, in illustration of which may be quoted the well known rhyme:

Whenever the cat o' the house is black,
The lasses o' lovers will have no lack.

The Burglar.

A burglar was one night engaged in the pleasing occupation of stowing a good haul of swag in his bag when he was startled by a touch upon his shoulder, and, turning his head, he beheld a venerable, mild eyed clergyman gazing sadly at him.

"Oh, my brother," groaned the reverend gentleman, "wouldst thou rob me? Turn, I beseech you—turn from thy evil ways. Return those stolen goods and depart in peace, for I am merciful and forgive. Begone!"

And the burglar, only too thankful at not being given into custody of the police, obeyed and slunk swiftly off.

Then the good old man carefully and quietly packed the swag into another bag and walked softly (so as not to disturb the slumber of the inmates) out of the house and away into the silent night. For he, too, was a burglar.

"Cleverality."

There is a story that Charlotte Bronte when a girl of sixteen broke out angrily at some one who said she was always talking about clever people, such as Johnson and Sheridan. "Now, you don't know the meaning of clever," she said. "Sheridan might be clever, so might Byron are—but Johnson hadn't a pack of 'cleverality' in him." That remark really gives the essence of Johnson and the key to the great qualities of his work, for in him more even than in most the prose was the man. Whoever wants "cleverality" had best leave Johnson alone. The signal merit of Johnson's writings is that he always says what he means. He may often have failed for victory, but never perhaps to the political pamphlets he always wrote for truth.—London Times.

Fool's Gold.

Pyrite, or sulphuret of iron, occurs quite often in the coal measures and granite [illegible] Michigan [illegible] is known as "fool's gold" because of its similarity to the precious metal in the opinion of the inexperienced. The miners call it "brass." Fool's gold is obtained in very large quantities, much of it entering into the refining of kerosene oil as well as being used extensively in the manufacture of artificial fertilizers.—Milling World.

Great Scheme.

Mrs. Simpson in her "Many Memories of Many People" says of Archbishop Whately: He was utterly regardless of appearance. If he came to us without a servant and perceived a hole in his black stocking he would put a piece of sticking plaster on the corresponding part of his leg to conceal the defect.

A Safe and Sure Cough Cure.

Kemp's Balsam

Does not contain Opium, Morphine, or any other narcotic or "habit-forming" drug.

There is no Narcotic in Kemp's Balsam.

Nothing of a poisonous or harmful character enters into its composition.

This clean and pure cough cure cures coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It has saved thousands from consumption.

It has saved thousands of lives.

A 25c. bottle contains 40 doses.

At all druggists', 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

Sanes

MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store

Bell Phone 800. Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

What a Woman Did.

There is much to be said against the New York cabby, but there are frequent occasions when one is really deserving of sympathy. The other day a cabby drove a well dressed and refined looking woman to a Broadway restaurant, where she ordered an expensive lunch and then told the waiter that she had lost her purse, but that her cab was waiting and if he would send a boy with her she would go home for the money. The boy entered the cab with her, and she directed the cabby to drive to a Sixth avenue department store. When they arrived she left the boy in the cab, entered the store to make an imaginary purchase and went out at the opposite entrance. In the hope of getting information about his departed fare, cabby drove back to the restaurant, accompanied by the boss buttoned boy, whom he blackguarded all the way for letting the woman escape. The restaurant people discharged the lad for the same reason, and the driver cried quits.—New York Times.

Gladstone Nicknames.

A collection of the nicknames that were from time to time conferred upon Mr. Gladstone would be a fine dictionary of epithets alike of love and dislike. Besides such perennials as the Grand Old Man, "the G. O. M." and the People's William we recall the Franchise Bill, the Pope of England, St. William the Woodcutter, the Mahdi of Midlothian, the Old Parliamentary Hand, the People's Will, Mr. Merrypebble, the Ancient Senator, Yourt the Man, Hawarden Bill, Prime Billy, W. G., the Only William and the Old Gentleman. At one time his name was a favorite theme for Christmas charades, among which may be remembered the following elegant outburst of a Conservative wit: "I should be my first if I could throw my second at my whole."

The Marble Bible.

In 1857 Mindon-min, king of Burma, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built 700 temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble. Upon these 700 slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible, a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of the Holy Scriptures. This marble Bible is engraved in the Pali language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself 500 B. C.

Very Likely.

"You're a queer looking thing to want to fight with me," said the young bulldog contemptuously. "You're not in my class."

"Perhaps not," replied the porcupine quietly, "but I think I can give you a few points."—Philadelphia Press.

Making Things Even.

Customer (to watchmaker)—I told you that my watch lost half an hour every day, and now that you've repaired it it gains half an hour. Watchmaker—Well, don't complain. It's only working to catch up lost time.

Judicious Charity.

"I don't believe he is so miserly as they say. I hear he invites his poor relations to visit him each year."

"Yes. They all live at a considerable distance and are too poor to come."

L. K. Hogarth

Dealer in Drugs and Medicines.

Opposite Grange National Bank

Rubber Goods, Toilet Articles, Stationery, &c.

Candy and Ice Cream at all times in the new department.

Ice Cream, Fancy or in Bricks, at your order.

Cigars from 3 for 5 to 20c each.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Grange Bank SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Constipation

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others whole wheat bread will have the same effect. But undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy for every ailment known to man, if physicians but find Nature's way to health. And this thought true with regard to Constipation. The bark of a certain tree in California—Cascara Sagrada—offers a most excellent aid to this end. But, combined with Egyptian Senna, Slippery Elm Bark, Solid Extract of Prunes, etc., this fine Cascara bark is given its greatest possible use—to correct constipation. A toothsome candy tablet, called Lax-ets, is now made at the Sharp Laboratories, from this ingenious and effective prescription. Its effect on Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, etc., is indeed prompt and gratifying.

No griping, no unpleasant after effects are experienced, and Lax-ets are put up in beautiful lithographed metal boxes at 5 cents and 25 cents per box.

For something new, nice, economical and effective, try a box of

Lax-ets

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time nearly relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column per annum, payable monthly. Our [illegible] and we [illegible] from this rate. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 31, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

VOTE for Comrade E. R. Sherman for Coroner.

VOTE for Hon. John O. Sheatz for State Treasurer.

VOTE for Hon. A. F. Bannon for County Treasurer.

NEXT Tuesday is election day. Vote the straight Republican ticket.

GET out the vote. Let us give the Republican ticket a good, substantial majority in old McKean. The candidates are worthy of the honor.

LOOK out for eleventh hour mudslinging. Do not be deceived by hysterical statements that may reflect upon the Republican candidates. The three Republicans on the ticket are worthy of your support. Vote for them.

NO voter will make a mistake if he casts a straight Republican ballot next Tuesday. The candidates are men of ability, integrity and experience, who have been tried and not found wanting. Vote only and see that your neighbor does the same.

THE Kane Republican, Monday, said: "Through an error part of the article which was published in these columns relative to the candidacy of Frank P. Isherwood, for county treasurer, was not credited. The article in question was a paid one and was given us by Mr. Isherwood and in no way reflects the sentiments of the Republican in regard to the candidacy of the aforesaid gentleman. The Bradford Sunday Herald copied the article and gave the Republican credit. The article, as we have said before, was nothing more than an advertisement, the same as the Prohibitionists are running. We give this explanation in justice to ourselves. The Republican is not supporting Democratic candidates for office."

THE Bradford Star of Tuesday says: One week from to-day will be election day. On June 1st was held the primaries. There seems to be no well defined political contest in McKean county this year except for county treasurer. Now just a word. Mr. Bannon was nominated fairly and squarely at the primaries with a number of other candidates in the field for the Republican nomination. His Democratic opponent is an honorable gentleman, but there is absolutely no good reason why any Republican in Bradford or McKean county should vote against Mr. Bannon. He is thoroughly honest, competent and deserving. His career has been a useful one for the county and party. The majority of McKean county Republicans selected him as the nominee and it should be the pride of every Republican in this city and county to stand by that choice. Let us begin at the beginning and realize that by building up Republicanism in McKean county, we shall build up our county in the State and let us place it at the front of our sister counties with a rousing majority for Sheatz, Bannon and Sherman. They are all worthy men. Don't be induced to cut the ticket either by explanations or appeals to sentiment. Stand true to the ticket, Republicans, and let the word resound throughout the Commonwealth that McKean county in 1907 gave a goodly Republican majority for its county ticket as well as for State treasurer. No man will ever have cause to be ashamed of his vote for Sheatz, Bannon and Sherman. It is your privilege and your duty as Republicans to stand by your party's standard bearers. There are no reasons why you shouldn't while there are potent reasons why you should. Just as the State election has a national significance, so the county election has a State significance. Do you want McKean county to go marching still further to the front in the Republicanism of our State and nation, then see to it that that Bannon and Sherman are elected with a solid and substantial majority. Don't temporize, don't be led away. Be loyal to your party, to its candidates, to yourselves and to your county.

A Big Victory in Philadelphia.

From the point of view of the Republican party, the outlook in Philadelphia for both the State and county tickets, at the election on November 5, is most encouraging. In fact it is so rosy that David H. Lane, Chairman of the Republican City Committee, does not hesitate to express the opinion that the Republican majority in the city will not fall short of 80,000.

This view of the City Chairman is based upon the figures of the registration of the voters. In round numbers about 343,000 citizens qualified themselves by having their names entered upon the voting lists, which is an excellent showing for an off-year. Compared with the registration for the November election of last year, that of this year shows a falling off of in round numbers about 15,000, but there is nothing whatever in these figures that is calculated to cause the Republican leaders the slightest annoyance or concern.

The registration last year was made under circumstances that did not prevail this year. In 1906 the Lincoln party was abroad in the city and State, fairly well organized and justly regarded as an important political factor. The Lincolnites fused with the Democrats upon a complete State ticket headed by Lewis Emery, Jr., as the candidate for Governor and the campaign, which was waged with great activity from early in the summer, naturally brought out the voters in large numbers in the fall to register for the November election. This year there is no Lincoln party in the State and its concomitant force—the City party of Philadelphia—has been showing unmistakable signs of retrogression and even approaching dissolution, since the Republicans elected the Mayor and Receiver of Taxes last February.

An examination of the returns of the registration just completed discloses the fact that in the wards that were carried by the City party at the general election last November and also at the municipal election in February, the number of citizens who presented themselves to have their names enrolled as voters has fallen off very heavily. The City party leaders freely admit this and they fully realize the lack of popular interest in their cause.

Taking these facts into consideration the decrease of 15,000 in the number of voters registered as compared with last year, is by no means indicative of an abnormally light vote next month, nor does it show any reason for apprehension, so far as the Republicans are concerned. There is no fight on either the State or city candidates to arouse the people and it is easily discernible that a large number who trained with the so-called reform element have become convinced that the independent movement has about accomplished its purpose and they have returned to the Republican ranks.

It must be borne in mind that the Philadelphians who still cling to the flimsy organization of the City party are pledged to support Sheatz for State Treasurer, and it can be safely assumed that about seventy-five per cent. of those in both the city and State, who figured as Lincolnites last year, will also vote the Republican State ticket on November 5.

This means an old-time majority for Sheatz in Philadelphia and the majorities for the local candidates will not be far behind.

Prohibition Column.

VOTE

For principle, not for party.
For the home, not for the landlord.
For the boy, not for the saloon.
For future generations, not for the decay of the nation.
For prosperity, not for poverty.
For the golden rule, not for graft.
For good men, not for politicians.
For M. H. Stevenson for State, for S. M. Love for county treasurer.
For the best men, for the most important issue, the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants as a beverage. 44-1t

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as D. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpatation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strengthen these these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this sample trial. Sold by All Dealers.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Wanted.

Local representative for Smethport and vicinity to look after renewals and increase subscription list of a prominent monthly magazine on a salary and commission basis. Experience desirable, but not necessary. Good opportunity for right person. Address, Publisher, Box 50, Station O, New York.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth of SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

Ordinance No. 68.

RELATING TO THE LICENSE OF EXHIBITIONS AND AMENDING ORDINANCE NO 30, RELATING TO SAME.

Be it ordained and it is hereby enacted that Ordinance No. 30, which reads as follows: "Relating to the License of Exhibitions, &c. It is hereby ordained and enacted, &c., That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to exhibit any show or other performance for pay within the borough limits without first obtaining from the burgess a license for that purpose, and paying for the same for use of said borough, to-wit: For circuses, menageries, or the two combined, not less than ten dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, at the discretion of the burgess. For any other show, performance or exhibition, such as wax figures, puppets, paintings, slight of hand feats, wire or rope walking or dancing, theatres, magic lanterns, negro minstrels, concerts, lectures, &c., &c., such sum as the burgess may think proper to charge, not exceeding ten dollars nor less than one dollar for each and every exhibition. For theatres, or shootorfums, the sum of twenty-five dollars per annum. Any one and all persons violating this ordinance, shall upon conviction thereof before the burgess or any justice of the peace, forfeit and pay for each and every offense a fine not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars for the use of the borough, provided that no charge shall be made for licenses granted for lecturers on subjects purely moral, religious, scientific or literary, or for concerts of good moral character, and of this exception the burgess shall be sole judge."

Relating to the License of Exhibitions, &c. It is hereby ordained and enacted, &c.—That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to exhibit any show or other performance for pay within the borough limits without first obtaining from the burgess a license for that purpose, and paying for the same for use of said borough, to-wit: For circuses, menageries, or the two combined, not less than ten dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, at the discretion of the burgess. For any other show, performance or exhibition, such as wax figures, puppets, paintings, slight of hand feats, wire or rope walking or dancing, theatres, magic lanterns, negro minstrels, concerts, lectures, &c., &c., such sum as the burgess may think proper to charge, not exceeding ten dollars nor less than one dollar for each and every exhibition. For theatres, or shootorfums, the sum of twenty-five dollars per annum. Any one and all persons violating this ordinance, shall upon conviction thereof before the burgess or any justice of the peace, forfeit and pay for each and every offense a fine not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars for the use of the borough, provided that no charge shall be made for licenses granted for lecturers on subjects purely moral, religious, scientific or literary, or for concerts of good moral character, and of this exception the burgess shall be sole judge.

Approved October 8, 1907.

EDGAR W. STRONG, Burgess.

Attest:
W. G. HOLDEN, Secretary.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania: Mary Elizabeth Gahagan of McKean County, Pennsylvania a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against her estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 18th day of November, 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home. Why not see about getting yours to-day?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY
IN THE
Grange National Bank
of McKean County,
at SMETHPORT.

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank—

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

I have just received the most complete line of

CHANDELIERS

ever shown at one time in the town.

If you intend buying a chandelier this winter you will do well to examine my stock for Bargains in this line.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. SMETHPORT

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall for men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.
We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell your goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
We Can Please You.

Emperor and Puritan 50c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 3 cents
Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of L. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Photo Fancies
For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen
THE HIT
OF
THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

New Millinery.

We are now showing all the latest and most stylish trimmed hats for ladies and children. A new assortment of beautiful waists and tailored skirts for Fall wear. The most up-to-date line of coats and furs for ladies. Novelties of all kinds.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

The Lindholm Co. Store News.

It Is Time To Put On Heavier Underwear.

We are Smethport Agents for

THE PERFECT FITTING POPULAR PRICED

Muncing Underwear,

For MEN and WOMEN.

We are prepared to please people of the most exacting taste and fit every figure. We heartily recommend MUNCING to all. You well know of the great advance in all kinds of merchandise in the past year and you will undoubtedly expect to pay more for your underwear this season. (Not the case if you supply your wants here).

Ladies' Fleeced Lined Vests and Pants, Sizes 4, 5, and 6, and extra good garment 25c

Ladies' Fleeced Lined Vests and Pants, out sizes, 7, 8 and 9 ..... 30c

Ladies' Heavy Fleeced Vests and Pants, Vests Double Chest and Back 50c

Ladies' Wool cream and natural $1.00

Ladies' Union Suits at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $3.00 a Suit.

Men's Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, a good heavy garment 50c

Men's Wool Shirt and Drawers, a garment ..... $1 & 2

Men's Union Suits, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 a Suit.

Outings and Fleeced Waistings at from 7c to 12c a yd.

Fancy and Plaid Silks in waist pattern lengths. Some of the newest patterns and a large assortment to choose from. Priced from ..... 75cts to $1.50 per yard.

At the Hosiery Counter.

Fleeced Hose for Ladies ..... 15 & 25c
Fleeced Hose for Misses and Children ..... 15 & 25c
A special Black Cotton Hose for Ladies ..... at 10c
Bear Skin Hose for Boys and Girls ..... at 15c a pair

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY.

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 31, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Institute week.

—Football to-day, 4 p. m.

—Next Tuesday is election day.

—Vote the straight Republican ticket next Tuesday.

—Monheimer has an interesting ad regarding shoes on this page.

—Attend the football game this afternoon. Eldred vs. Port Allegany.

—L. K. Hogarth has something of interest to tell you in a new ad this week.

—Get a chicken supper to-night for 25 cents in the new dining room in the basement of St. Elizabeth's church.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Evans announce the coming marriage of their daughter, Ethel Maude, to Baker S. Stull of Denver, Colo., the happy event to occur Saturday, Nov. 16, 1907.

—A letter from Fred Purtle gives the information that he and Russel Lindsley are in Indian Territory. The weather there is delightful and they are well pleased with their positions and the country.

—Headwaters Potato Creek, Thursday, Oct. 31, (Special)—Ralph E. Burdick of Smethport succeeded in slaying a bear in this vicinity yesterday. Particulars of the thrilling occurrence are meagre. Much to be told later.

—E. E. Ellison of Bradford has a new advertisement to-day in regard to pianos. He is a hustler in the musical line and has placed several fine pianos in Smethport. Mr. Ellison is an accomplished teacher of the violin, Lloyd Downey of Smethport having been one of his pupils.

—The high school football teams of Port Allegany and Eldred will clash in combat this afternoon at Kane Field, Smethport. Game called at 4 o'clock The teams are playing hot games this year and the contest will be worth seeing. General admission, 35 cents. Ladies 15 cents.

—J. F. Rooney's meat market which was badly damaged by fire about six months ago, was reopened to the public recently and is now enjoying an excellent patronage. The market building has been completely repaired and it is now one of the neatest and most convenient business places in town.

—Mrs. Frank Blakeslee of Pittsburg has announced the engagement of her daughter, Elizabeth, to Henry D. James. Mrs. Blakeslee is a former resident of Smethport, and together with her daughter, have many friends and well wishers in this town. Miss Blakeslee was formerly a teacher in the Olean high school.

—Remember the chicken supper given by the ladies of St. Elizabeth's church in the new dining room in the basement of that edifice to-night. The price is only 25 cents and you will get a nice hot supper. There is plenty of room for a large crowd and you will find it convenient and satisfactory if you get your supper there to-night.

—"The Toymakers," the attraction at the Lyceum last Saturday night, is advertised as an "absurdity." After witnessing the production a number of people are of the opinion that "imbecility" would be a more appropriate term. The company appears to contain some clever people, but they have mighty little chance to show ability in the batch of bosh called "The Toymakers."

—Camillo Lagiani died in the Olean hospital Monday morning from the effects of a knife wound inflicted by another Italian, Guiseppi Franiesko, at Mudville, four miles from Portage, last Sunday. The dead man was endeavoring to act as a peacemaker in a fight which had started when he received the wound in the abdomen, which proved fatal. Franiesko escaped.

—Tony Mike, the Italian who was quite thoroughly carved up by a fellow countryman at Bingham a few months ago, has so far recovered from his injuries as to be under bail for his appearance at court on an assault and battery charge. Tony and Dominick Barone are lovers of Grace Lee, a Whitechapel celebrity of Bradford and as a result of the lovers' quarrel they recently had in that city Tony was arrested on the above charge.

—A communication received from the Rev. Gaylard H. Patterson, formerly a pastor of the Smethport M. E. church, who is now located in Salem, Oregon, says: "I have come here to take charge of the department of history and economics in Willamette University. It is a surprise to find beautiful roses and many other flowers blooming in the yards as far north as this. We shall appreciate the visits of the MINER more than ever out here."

—The Prohibition party have a new advertisement in to-day's issue. For the benefit of people who seem anxious to place a wrong construction upon the political attitudes of well-known Republican newspapers it is again stated that the prohibition articles which appear in this paper are published with the understanding that they are to be paid for at regular advertising rates, and have no more bearing upon the political policy of the MINER than patent medicine advertisements.

—If the friends who can contribute to the County Children's Home in Bradford, will deliver their offerings as early as possible next week that the box can be shipped not later than Friday, it will be a favor. Clothing of all kinds and sizes in good condition, suitable for infants and all children to the ages of 12 and 13 years, books and playthings, or anything that is needed in such institutions, and money, will be gratefully received by Mrs. M. E. Richmond, Secretary of the W.C.T.U.

—Mrs. Grace Choate entertained the whist club at her home on Pike street yesterday afternoon.

—The mill pond was drained yesterday morning while workmen were engaged in repairing the little dike.

—A new sidewalk has been constructed on Andrew Campbell's property at the corner of Main and Hill streets.

—We understand "Dink Potts" is learning to jump on a turn-table while it is swiftly revolving. Ask Frank Dunbar about it.

—Several Bradford hotels will raise their rates commencing Nov. 10. The reason given for the raise is the general upward tendency of food stuffs.

—Two prisoners escaped from the Coudersport jail one day last week by filing the bars between themselves and liberty. A reward of $25 is offered for the capture of one of them—Gilhousen, who is charged with stealing a horse.

Select your Xmas presents early. Before purchasing, call at my home and look over my new stock of beautiful Hand Painted China, especially fine for wedding, Xmas, anniversary or birthday gifts, also favors for card parties, etc. I keep a supply on hand at all times. Just received an exceptionally fine line, which will be a great pleasure for me to show you, and an equal pleasure for you to see. The name of G. G. Rhodes on any piece of Hand Painted China is an assurance of quality and artistic worth. Call early, everybody welcome. MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

Annual Fall Excursion to Pittsburg.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. will run their annual chrysanthemum and art excursion to Pittsburg Sunday, Nov. 3rd. Special train leaves Mt. Jewett, 5:45 a. m. Round trip fare $2 50. 43-2t

Personal Mention.

N. H. Knapp visited Bradford Tuesday.

E. J. Brasted of Kane is in town this week.

Hon. T. F. Richmond visited Bradford Saturday.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett is a guest of friends in town.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper of Mt. Jewett is visiting friends in town.

Miss Margaret Koenig visited Eldred relatives and friends last week.

Mrs. Emil Jahn of Buffalo is a guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Miss Violet Zeller is spending the week with relatives in Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Park were visitors in Buffalo the first part of the week.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin and children are guests of relatives and friends in Geneva, N. Y.

Miss Marie Purtle and Miss Bessie Hunglville are visiting in Pittsburg this week.

Mrs. E. W. Workley and children visited relatives and friends in York, N. Y. this week.

Harry Rubin returned Tuesday from a visit with friends in Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y.

Misses Eva Bender and Bertha Wetenhall have returned from a visit in Lancaster, Pa.

Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown of Duke Centre was in town Tuesday in attendance at a meeting of the L.O.T.M.

Mrs. F. J. Urban, who has been visiting Mrs. C. B. Corwin, returned to her home in Bradford Tuesday.

Harry Keller departed for Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Saturday where he has secured employment in a glass factory.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Morrison are in Philadelphia this week, where Mr. Morrison is attending the session of Superior court.

Lewis Kenyon of Smethport has accepted a position with the Blaisdell Machinery company, says the Bradford Record.

Mrs. S. L. Colegrove of Reader, W. Va., is visiting relatives and friends in town and was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and Mrs. Warley Gifford were among the ladies who attended the meeting of woman's club in Mt. Jewett last Thursday.

Miss T. A. Morrison attended the reciprocity meeting of woman's clubs in Mt. Jewett last Thursday afternoon and read a paper on the subject of "Indian Symbolism."

Louis Dickenson returned Tuesday from Buffalo where he has been undergoing treatment at the General hospital for the past two weeks. He is able to walk around town and greet his many friends.

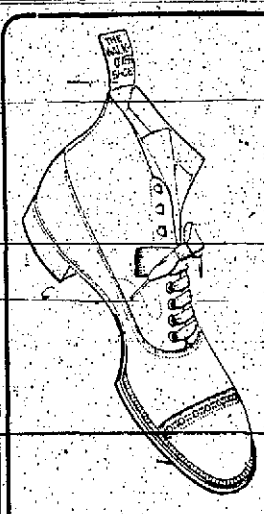
INSPECTION SOLICITED

Vantine's Oriental Perfumes and Toilet Articles,

and

All the most exclusive novelties in Fall goods will be found at

MRS. MARY L. BISETT'S
CITY STORE.



WALK-OVER SHOES

FOR MEN.

$3.50, $4 and $5.

Come, Let Us Fit You.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

The question of winter apparel must be settled now. We've been ready for you the last three or four weeks—selling the winter things right along too—fact is, October sales this year are much in advance of 1906. It is to the ones that have been putting the matter off that we want to talk just now—soon assortments will be broken and shopping become less satisfactory than it is to-day.

Furs.

Quite a change in the styles This season more marked than last is the tendency toward small flat furs. The skins most employed being Mink, Sable, Squirrel and Beaver. Styles running mainly to Stocks, Collars, Four-in-Hands, Throws, etc., with flat, square muffs to match. In larger, more warmth-affording Scarfs the Fox is most used. There's a price for every purse—$1.25 to $40.00.

Near Seal Coats, $32.50 to $45.00.

Waists.

Quite the finest lot we've ever had is ready for you now.

Plain and Plaid Silks—Ecru and White Nets, $3.75 to $5.75.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber" Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

—by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You know more facts about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. That selling the highest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—**it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent.** and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. **Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.**

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

PIANOS

And Organs at all prices and terms to suit, direct from the manufacturers.

E. E. Ellison

143 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

A strictly high grade Illuminating Oil must make a large, white light, and burn the lamp out dry with strong, firm flame without charring the wick

Family Favorite THE BEST FOR ILLUMINATING

Perfectly safe—150 degrees fire test—water white and odorless—Will not spot or smoke. BOOKLET SENT FREE

Your Dealer Has It.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS
INDEPENDENT REFINERS
PITTSBURG, PA.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

Cure Your Sick Headache

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

"Pure as honey." As good as it's pure. Keeps you sweet inside and outside.

Hun-E-Lax keeps you well.
Cures Sick Headache.
Promotes Activity of Liver.
Imparts Regular Habits to the Bowels.
Cultivates and Stimulates Health.

10 cents—The Box of 3—all druggists

(2) Widds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

- - In - - Dormitory 10.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1901, by F. C. Eastment.

Betty Belle, coming in that morning from "English two," found on the table in her room in the dormitory a cocoanut cake, a plate of chicken sandwiches and a card. The card read: "Compliments of Prudence Conway."

Prudence was the colored maid on the third floor of dormitory 10 of the summer school. To be chosen as a pet by Prudence meant many privileges. To the girl she liked she brought unlimited towels, while some less favored maiden might languish with two a week, and now in providing Betty Belle with materials for a midnight spread Prudence showed evidence of high regard.

Betty Belle was from the south, hence her name. There had been two aunts beloved by her mother, and the little girl had been called after them always. Betty Belle wondered why the northern girls thought it funny.

"Well, we don't string ours together that way, as a rule," Drusilla Davis told her. "And I don't believe we place such value on mamas. But you are a dear, Betty Belle, only you are different."

"How different?" Betty Belle questioned, and Drusilla laughed:

"Oh, you are so old-fashioned and pretty and serious."

Betty Belle blushed. "You are pretty, too, Drusilla."

Drusilla shook her head. "Not in the fascinating way that you are, Betty Belle."

The scholars of the summer school ate at an adjoining boarding house, and at the lunch table that day Betty Belle told about the chicken sandwiches and the cocoanut cake.

There were four men at the table besides the girls. As Betty Belle described the deliciousness the men frowned seriously.

"And we don't come in for any of that?" asked Dick Chase, who had flunked in his studies the winter before and was making up during the summer term. His father was worth a million, and it was hard for Dick to understand why he needed to grind over books.

"No," Betty Belle told him; "no men are allowed above the first floor of our dormitory."

"Well, we will serenade you while you are eating it," Dick said.

"Please don't," Betty begged.

"Why not?" Dick asked in surprise. His attentions had always been sought rather than refused, and he had meant that Betty Belle should appreciate the high honor he was conferring.

"It's against the rules," Betty Belle said.

"I shouldn't think you would mind a little thing like that."

"I don't," said Betty Belle, "but you can't afford to lose any standing."

He flushed. "You needn't hit a fellow when he's down. I don't care whether I get through next year or not."

"Well, I do," said little Betty Belle. "You told me about your mother, and I don't think you ought to disappoint her."

Dick's eyes dropped before the clear ones of the little southern girl.

"I shouldn't like to disappoint her," he murmured.

But that night as six girls in all the comfort of dainty kimonos and dressing sacks ate cocoanut cake and chicken sandwiches with ginger ale accompaniment there floated up through the air the strains of "Dixie."

"There," said Drusilla Davis; "that is in your honor, Betty Belle."

Betty, pink and white and charming in her rosy kimono, tapped a small foot impatiently.

"Well, I wish he wouldn't," she said.

Margaret Mills looked at her with raised eyebrows. "Why, Betty Belle Fairfax," she exclaimed, "he is worth a million! Any girl would be glad to have him pay her attention."

"I don't care if he is worth ten millions," Betty Belle returned quickly; "he isn't a gentleman."

The girls looked at her, startled. "Why, Betty Belle," one gasped, "what makes you say such a thing?"

"He isn't," affirmed Betty Belle, with her head held high. "The gentlemen at my home have consideration for the wishes of ladies, and I told him not to sing. And he has an invalid mother who is just praying for his success, and he is wasting his time. It isn't right; it isn't right!" And Betty Belle clapped both hands over her ears to shut out the strains of "Dixie."

"Some one will tell Dick Chase what you said about him," Drusilla told the small maiden after the other girls had gone to their rooms.

"I don't care," said Betty Belle hotly, but when Drusilla went away she got down at the window and looked out for a long time upon the moon lighted campus.

Then she rose and took the one piece of cocoanut cake that was left and wrapped it up in a dainty parcel and tied it with ribbon, and in the morning she sent it by Prudence to Dick Chase, with a little note.

"I said things about you last night," was the confession he read in her clear cut writing. "I said you were not a gentleman. Some one may tell you, and I shouldn't like to have you hear it that way. But I didn't think you were courteous to disregard my wishes, and I worried about poor mother. I know you won't forgive me, but I had to explain."

At noon on the campus Dick Chase came up to Betty Belle.

"It was right—what you said," he told her soberly. "I've been a fearful cad, and I needed a good jolt."

Betty Belle sat down on a seat under the elms. "You see, I have lots of brothers," she confided, "and I know how mothers feel about their boys—and, then, I couldn't bear to see you going to the bad."

There was a little tremble in her voice, and Dick looked up quickly. "Do you care?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," Betty Belle told him without coquetry, "I think we could be good friends if you would pull up."

Dick flung himself down on the bench beside her. "I would have to be more than friends, Betty Belle," he said. "I—have grown to think a lot of you; you are so—different."

"That's what Drusilla says," Betty Belle remarked, "and I don't just see what you all mean."

"Well, you are so good and true, little Betty Belle. You make a fellow feel that life is worth while."

That night in dormitory 10 Betty Belle made a confession.

"I am sorry that I said such things about Dick Chase." They were sitting in the dark, and the other girls could not see her blushes. "I was in a bit of a temper, you know."

"Southern blood?" commented Margaret Mills.

"Maybe," said Betty Belle.

Across the campus they could see the lights in the men's dormitory. In one room a crowd of boys had gathered around a piano, and their voices floated out in a rollicking college song. In another room a lamp with a green shade made a halo around a man's bent head.

"Why, I believe Dick Chase is studying," said Drusilla Davis. "What is going to happen?"

"He is going to turn over a new leaf," said Betty Belle demurely.

"Something in her voice made the girls ask in a chorus, "How do you know?"

"Because I am engaged to him," said Betty Belle.

"I THINK WE COULD BE GOOD FRIENDS IF YOU WOULD PULL UP."

Shadow Sketches.

Nature was the first artist, and a shadow sketch was the first picture made. She is still spreading her beautiful designs wherever a beautiful object stands in the sunlight, and we are about to learn what she can teach us of her method. In going along country roads and paths have you not admired the shadows that the flowers and all graceful plants cast on the ground? Those of leaves and vines actually display the outlines of the plants to even better advantage than can be seen in the objects themselves, because shadows have no perspective and no shading. An easy way to arrange a vase of flowers or of leafy twigs for drawing is to study their shadow on a wall while the vase is slowly turned until the shadow shows them to be suitably placed.

As a rule objects like large leaves and birds' nests are best for simple outlining, while delicate and complicated shadows like those cast by vines and by most flowers are best for the blackened surface of the silhouette. Shadow outlines make good records of flowers and plants if accompanied by the usual notes on color and habit. —St. Nicholas.

A "Peach" of a War Story.

Humor is not associated with the bloody days of Kentucky in Revolutionary times. But a bit of fun of the grewsome kind is recited by Lynn Tew Sprague in the Outing Magazine in an article entitled "General Isaac Shelby, First Governor of Kentucky." The incident follows:

"A patriot soldier of the neighborhood named Culbertson, who subsequently became a captain, was at the time acting as a scout to Shelby's command, and while gathering information before the action he came suddenly upon a British dragoon, far from support, who was eating a peach. Both were startled by the meeting, and the Britisher swallowed the fruit, stone and all, and reached for his gun. A shooting match ensued. The dragoon perished in the duel and was hastily buried by the scout in a shallow hole. Visiting the grave next year, Culbertson found a peach tree growing from it, and he boasted of living to enjoy fruit rooted in British soil and fertilized by his adversary. The story, we may add, is Culbertson's very own, but who shall say that the patriot army lacked constructive imagination?"

A Perplexing Bulletin.

In 1876 the late John Hay, who died as secretary of state, and Alvey A. Adee were serving together in the legation at Madrid. They were intensely interested in the outcome of the Republican national convention and spent days wondering who would be nominated. One morning they found this item in a Madrid newspaper: "Rutebart 13. Noyes of America has been elected president of the republic of the north."

That was as near as the Spanish editor could get to the built in "Rutherford B. Hayes has been nominated for president by the Republican national convention," and it took Adee and Hay a week to figure it out.

SOUP AT $250 A PLATE.

Sterlet Roe at $10 a Head and Peanut Bud Jelly at $200.

Public interest has recently been excited by a remarkable dinner party given in London at which twenty-four people sat down and which cost $15,000. Some high class chefs who know the deepest mysteries of their business are inclined to say that this was really nothing after all.

The most expensive soup that can be served to Chinese birds' nest soup, which can hardly be done at less than $25 for a moderate plate of it for each guest.

When the fish course is reached in the menu the most expensive item possible is the newest caviare, made from sterlet roe and not from common sturgeon. There are only one or two London restaurants at which this rare delicacy may be obtained, and the charge for it is $10 per head.

Mullet roe, another rare dish, costs more than its weight in silver, while those who do not wish to advance quite to this point in expenditure might be satisfied with a more frequently served dish, Caribbean pompano, which has to be brought to London on ice from Galveston or Pensacola and which costs $5 to $10 a pound.

A guinea pie, made of the little birds called ruffs—small things with long legs and a ruff of feathers behind their necks, belonging to the sandpiper family—is about the most expensive thing possible in this direction and cannot be done for less than $50 to $75, while if the ruffs are unusually scarce the charge for the pie may easily run up to $100.

Dunstable larks come next. They are fairly common on the tables of epicures, but it costs quite $7.50 to serve a single dish of them.

There are not so many possibilities for gigantic expenditure when the joints come on the table, giraffe steak or bison ribs at anything from $2.50 to $5 a head being about the best.

As for sweets, the thoughts of a millionaire host who wanted to beat the record and knew his business would naturally fly to a jelly of peanut buds and ginger, which would be sent to him in little pots from China at a charge of $250 a pot, one tablespoonful in each.

Forced strawberries in the middle of winter are most expensive to buy and may run to anything from $5 to $25 a head.

A great delicacy at one time was the double cocoanut, or coco-de-mer, which is only grown on two small islands of the Seychelles and which was last sold at $200. It is, however, so extremely rare now that an enactment has been passed forbidding its exportation under any circumstances.—London Stray Stories.

INVISIBLE SNAKES.

A Den of Reptiles That Eluded the Ordinary Passer's Eye.

The fact that snakes are rarely seen even when they are abundant was impressed upon the mind of the writer one day while waiting for a train at a small station in New Jersey. A nearby culvert, where a small stream flowed under the junction of the railway and a well traveled public road, seemed a favorable place for them. The stone wall, laid up without mortar, which supported the approach to the bridge had a southern exposure. The chinks afforded ample hiding place, and the reedy borders of the stream promised good hunting for the species which live upon small fish, frogs, toads and earthworms.

The flagman, who for several years had passed ten hours a day at his leisurely occupation there, denied that there were snakes in the vicinity. "No more than there be in Ireland, an' it's not me as would be tendin' this crossin' if there was," he asserted. But a few minutes' search in the gutters and grass revealed four specimens which had been under his very eyes—a garter, a worm, a De Kay and a newly hatched milk snake. A new flagman was installed there the following day, but crowds of people, many of whom would become hysterical at the sight of a snake, continue to pass within three feet of the wall blissfully unconscious that they are walking over a den of serpents.—Francis Metcalfe in Outing Magazine.

He Remembered.

Old Commodore Vanderbilt was always very democratic in spirit. Sitting on the porch of a fashionable hotel at a fashionable resort on one occasion, it is related that the commodore saw a lady approaching with whom he was acquainted. His wife and daughter, who recognized her, could scarcely contain their anger when he arose and politely addressed her.

"Don't you know," asked the daughter after she had gone, "that horrid woman used to sell poultry to us?"

"Yes," responded the old millionaire, "and I remember when your mother sold root beer and I peddled oysters in New Jersey."

Horse on Them.

The wooden horse was standing before the beleaguered city.

"That seems a heavy beast," remarked Paris to Hector, surveying it critically. "Of what weight would you say it was?"

"Troy weight, of course," answered Hector. Whereat envy turned Paris green.—Harper's Weekly.

An Appropriate Tablet.

A lady wrote upon a window some verses intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady whose resolve those words betoken
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

—London Reader.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colo-grove.

A Summer Storm.

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

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The afternoon sunshine dipped across the lake, burnishing the waves to gold and bringing out soft glints in Margaret Allston's hair. The girl's eyes gazed dreamily over the water. Her hands—firm, capable little hands—were clasped loosely behind her head as she leaned back in the rustic chair. The clear, delicately pencilled features, the pliant figure relaxed to a happy abandon—all breathed a rare atmosphere of refinement and charm. Mrs. Rushwell, looking critically at her, wondered for the thousandth time why Margaret had never married.

They were seated in one of the pretty piazza crowned bonthouses which decorate the Adirondack shores. Margaret had been reading aloud while the other sewed. Mrs. Rushwell carefully threaded her needle.

"It has been so lovely to have you all to myself this way, Margaret," she said sincerely. "I almost wish Ned was not bringing up all that mob tonight."

A glint of laughter flickered in the girl's eyes.

"And who all are coming?" she queried idly. She knew Mary's social tastes—Mary who was never so happy as when entertaining a nonentity. For herself, the fresh, cool breeze, the fringe of green edging the sparkling bit of blue, the distant glimpses of purple mountains—these filled her with an inexpressible sense of peace and comfort. She did not think that the people would bother her greatly. Mrs. Rushwell reflected:

"Well, there are Susie Hoyt and Billy Morris and Jim Blackwell and—and—oh, yes, you remember Townsend Lassiter. He is just returned from Chile, where I believe he was the most popular minister ever sent there from Washington. And Belen di Herrera arrives too. She is a sort of ward of his, I believe. He knew her parents intimately, and when they both died he rather took charge of the girl and has just brought her up to her mother's people. She was an American. The girl is awfully young, only seventeen, but they develop early in those countries. So when I asked him I invited her too. He brought her to see me just before I left town, and in spite of his being so much older I believe he is going to marry her. It's quite a romantic story, isn't it?"

"Very," murmured Margaret. She had grown a trifle paler, but that might have been attributable to the heat. The breeze was going down with the sun. Her manner was quite unruffled.

"I remember Mr. Lassiter very well," she said quietly. "It will be pleasant to meet him again."

But as she dressed for dinner that evening Margaret found herself using even more than her usual dainty care. When she had finished the girl lifted the hand glass and surveyed herself carefully. A little sigh fluttered between her parted lips. She was still slim and straight and tall, but the thoughtful mouth had a tired curve, and the soft hair showed a patch of silver.

"And he is engaged to a girl of seventeen," she reflected rather wistfully. "Will he think me very changed, I wonder?" Then with a sudden change of mood she blew out the candle and smiled. "He has probably forgotten the whole episode ages since," she decided. "Don't be a goose, Margaret. Evoking ghosts is a foolish pastime."

But despite her philosophy Margaret was conscious of a quick throb of interest as Townsend Lassiter came forward to greet her. He at least had not changed, or if he had it was but to improve, conceded Margaret. The straight, thick hair on his temples was touched with gray; the pleasant, frank eyes had a serious look in them. But the old flashing smile was there. Margaret experienced a sudden sense of relief. There was no hint of awkwardness in his manner. The note of cordial greeting to an old friend was exactly right. Then he turned.

"I want you to meet Miss di Herrera," he said.

During dinner Margaret looked at the little South American. She seemed a mere child, with her great, dark, velvety eyes and sensitive, quivering mouth. And Townsend Lassiter cared for her. He treated her with a grave, careful tenderness that considered her every want. Yet all at once Margaret was conscious of a sudden, swelling sympathy for the shy, half frightened little thing. She seemed so young, so helpless. As they all rose to leave the dining room Margaret spoke to her in kindly, halting Spanish. The small face lighted up, the soft olive cheeks flushed duskily, as the girl stammered some grateful reply. Margaret was almost startled at the loveliness of the child, and young Morris, close behind, caught his breath.

The house party had been invited for two weeks, but hardly three days had passed before Mrs. Rushwell began dimly to surmise something wrong. To all appearance her guests were well chosen and congenial, but some subtle sixth sense made her aware of a strain, a tension, carefully hidden, but acutely present. She fell to watching, but conclusions baffled her. The little South American girl, her eyes wider and darker than ever, clung to Margaret with an almost passionate devotion. The Morris boy moped. Margaret, in a mood difficult of analysis, enveloped herself in a wayward brilliancy impossible to penetrate. Once or twice his hostess caught Lassiter studying with curious eyes his little seniors. What was the matter with them all, wondered Mrs. Rushwell. Was Lassiter jealous? There could be nothing serious in the Morris boy's attentions.

It was the last night of their stay. All day heavy clouds had been piling up in the west, threatening masses of violet. The sun had sunk below the horizon in a sullen blaze of dull red. The stillness and the heat were intense. Mowbray, restless and wearied, had slipped outside, seeking a refuge, a breath among the stately pines. Above her head they murmured in endless cadence, musical and mysterious. But to her troubled mind the tranquillity of the woods brought no peace. As yet the pain was too fresh for nature's assuagement. And twisted through the tangle of her own persistent thoughts ran a teasing little question of Belen's. Before dinner the girl had come to her room. The camellia-like face was pale; the dusky eyes had an odd look of suffering. She had picked up Margaret's silver hand glass and stood balancing it absently.

"Mr. Townsend, he is a very great man, is he not?" She had put the question wistfully, and Margaret had answered yes.

"It—it is strange that he can care for one—one so young, so ignorant, so untrained," faltered the young voice. "Do you—do you think he really does—really?" The big eyes had searched Margaret's face with an eager, almost appalling intensity.

For a moment Margaret's heart had almost stopped its beating. What could the child mean? Then she had forced herself to calmness.

"I know he does," she had answered steadily. "He cares very much."

But the question lingered in Margaret's mind, touched to a poignant significance by the memory of that small white face. Of what was the child thinking? Whence came the hidden feeling which prompted the query?

Margaret, despite the close atmosphere, shivered. Why had Lassiter returned and why, oh, why, had he come here to destroy, this time forever, the peace of mind which Margaret had believed so secure at last? And this poor child who loved her! Involuntarily, Margaret wrung her hands. How hard, how complicated, was life! But, thank Heaven, tomorrow they would all separate. After tomorrow she need see him no more.

There was a step behind her on the soft carpet of fallen needles—a quick, firm tread coming hurriedly down the path. Margaret turned. It was dusky under the thick sheltering boughs, but she recognized at once that it was Lassiter. At sight of the white figure before him the man started.

"Margaret!" he ejaculated sharply. "Margaret!" But he caught himself at once. "I beg your pardon," he smiled. "You looked almost like a ghost there among the trees. I am on my way to the boathouse," explaining easily. "Belen and young Morris are on the lake, and it looks so like a storm."

"Come," she said quietly. It had grown very dark. The sultry air was breathless. Not a sigh stirred the branches above. The slippery, overgrown path was difficult to find, but Margaret sped unheedingly on. That little frail canoe out on the rumbling waters! Oh, why was the boathouse so far? And then all at once a gnarled old root thrust boldly out caught her foot. She tripped, stumbled, and the next instant she had fallen into Lassiter's arms.

It was only for one brief fraction of time, one half anguished moment, during which the man, his stern self control shaken, had gathered her close. Then Margaret broke from him.

"Belen!" she gasped. The lines around Lassiter's mouth whitened.

"I know," he said. "I know." But despite his effort at self mastery the emotion roused was not to be so easily leashed. The bitterness of years surged to the surface.

"Margaret!" he cried. "Oh, Margaret, why did you send me away?"

"I—I didn't know," murmured the woman unsteadily. "I—I thought I didn't care, and then it was too late—you had gone. But—but you are happy now," she urged. "Belen"—

"Belen is a child," said Lassiter quietly. "When she was left so alone with only me for guardian there seemed nothing else to do. I shall try to make her a good husband. But you, Margaret"—his voice suddenly dropped to an unconscious entreaty—"Margaret"—

Then out of the gloom a voice echoed clearly across the water.

"No, no," it sobbed, and both man and woman, stopping suddenly, recognized the voice as Belen's. "You mustn't talk so. I can't marry you. Oh, I can't. He loves me, Miss Alston says so. And he has been too good to me. I must not break his heart, for I love Billy."

Across the murky darkness leaped a white flash of fire. A tremendous crashing peal seemed to split the very heavens, and then suddenly the rain, loosed at last, came pouring down, cool cleansing, revivifying, bringing a grateful freshness to the thirsty ground, restored equilibrium to the surcharged atmosphere. Great drops pattered on the pine boughs, but Margaret, her eyes wet with happy tears, was not conscious of the pelting rain, for in that second when lake and woods had stood distinct and clear, silhouetted against that unearthly brilliance, in that instant of vision had been revealed the picture of a man and a maid, a picture old when time was young—Billy Morris kissing Belen.

"Margaret!" cried Lassiter hoarsely. "Oh, Margaret, you saw, you heard! Belen is going to marry Billy Morris, and you—you are going to marry me, aren't you, Margaret?" as she lifted her face to his.

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Knowing Miss Knowlton

By MARSHALL LEONARD.

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It seemed to Travers that life really began for him when he came to Lester to superintend the building of the electric works, for until then life had been uneventful, and he had not known of Ada Knowlton.

Even now he merely knew of her, for Travers was not a ladies' man. He was too terribly in earnest to shine in society, and though he had been in Lester for nearly two months, he seemed as far from his goal as ever. Every Sunday he went to church and sat where he could watch the choir where Ada sang, the stained glass forming a background for the shapely golden head. The Rev. Josiah Rumford watched approvingly the expression of rapt interest that was upon Travers' face all through the sermon. He could not notice that the keen blue eyes of the young contractor were upon the choir rather than upon the pulpit, and he felt gratified that he should hold his auditor so well.

So it happened that the Rev. Josiah stopped at the new factory one morning and extended an invitation to Travers to join a church picnic the following week.

"It is almost a family affair," he explained as Jimmie's hand went down into his trousers pocket. "I am not selling tickets. It is purely by invitation and only for the members of the Sunday school, but I thought that perhaps you might like to meet some of the young people and get acquainted."

Jimmie beamed upon the kindly old man as he thought of Ada Knowlton and accepted the invitation with an effusiveness that caused the minister to wonder at certain comments he had heard regarding the unsociability of the newcomer.

"He is most cordial," he told his wife. "I am sure that he needs only to get acquainted to be a decided addition to our little society. I am sure that I did not misjudge him."

Travers echoed the same sentiment as he went about his work. Surely at the picnic he should meet Miss Knowlton, and meeting Miss Knowlton had almost become an obsession with him. He climbed over the staglogs and platforms with a light heart as he imagined the manner in which they should meet. He rather fancied an introduction under the trees. He would advance with bared head and bow low over her hand. Then she would give him one of those sunny smiles that almost seemed to be her habitual expression, and they would go walking together in the leafy shade. Over and over he mentally rehearsed this scene until it became almost real to him.

"DON'T MOVE," SAID A GENTLE VOICE.

But at the last moment there came a complication at the factory, and it was after 11 when Travers finally got away. He lost his way trying to drive out in a livery buggy, and when at last he came to the lake lunch was over and the merrymakers had scattered through the woods.

The minister and his wife insisted that he have something to eat, and then motherly Mrs. Rumford took him in charge and introduced him to every one in sight, but Ada Knowlton was nowhere to be seen.

He made himself agreeable to the others, but his eyes continually sought a sight of the pink dress and golden head that had been the attraction. He had seen them drive past on their way to the lake, and he had carefully noted the dress, but not a glimpse of it did he get until well along in the afternoon.

Here and there the surface of the lake was dotted with small boats and canoes, and in one of the latter he saw the flash of pink that seemed to communicate its color to his face. Miss Knowlton, and alone! And she was paddling in to the landing!

With assumed carelessness, he directed his steps toward the tiny wharf to which the boats were tied. He would be on hand to assist her from the canoe, and perhaps after he had introduced himself there might be a chance for the walk after all.

He had just reached the dock and the frail craft was but twenty yards away when some one called to the navigator, and she turned to respond with a wave of her paddle. As she did so the canoe tipped over and she was spilled into the water.

White with horror, Travers stripped off his coat and his low shoes and dived to her assistance. He was a splendid swimmer, and his heart beat high as he thought of the opportunity that had been offered him.

Then something loomed dark above his head. There was a shock, and all became black. It was half an hour later that Travers opened his eyes again and looked up into Ada Knowlton's face bending anxiously over him. His head throbbed with pain, and he was conscious that it was done up in bandages.

"Don't move," said a gentle voice, "you will be all right in a few moments. You were struck on the head by the canoe."

"You were the rescued instead of the rescuer," laughed Dr. Tyrrom. "Miss Knowlton brought you to shore."

"I am so sorry," she said, bending over. "I was pushing the boat in front of me and did not notice that any one had dived after me. I should have been more careful, but I never supposed that any one would imagine that I was in danger."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the lake is only three or four feet deep, and when we spill out we just walk ashore."

"And I, like an ass, didn't know that," murmured Travers. "I only saw that Miss Knowlton had gone overboard, and I did not know but what she might be in trouble. She seemed to be struggling."

"That was my skirt," explained the girl. "It caught in the gunwale, and I had to detach it before I could find my footing."

"I guess that's about explanation enough," put in the physician. "I don't want to have you come down with a cold on top of a cut scalp. I guess you'd better drive into town. Miss Knowlton needs to go too. She is soaked. Do you think you can handle your horse?"

"I'm all right now," declared Travers, rising to his feet with the doctor's aid. The crowd melted away, and Dr. Tyrrom and the minister led him to his buggy. Miss Knowlton climbed in after him, and they started off.

"I suppose," said Travers as they cleared the grove, "you must think that I am lacking in courtesy in not thanking you for saving my life, but I am so upset."

"You ought to scold me for injuring you," she declared. "It was very awkward of me."

"You couldn't know that I was going to swim out to you," he reminded. "I think I should apologize for being in the lake at all."

The girl's laugh rang out at the suggestion. "I'm rather glad that you were there," she said, "though I am sorry that you were injured. I never was rescued before."

"Not performed a rescue," he reminded. "I don't suppose that you can claim a gold medal for life saving."

"I don't want a reward," she insisted. "You should be entitled to the reward, if any one was, because you did not realize that a rescue was not necessary."

"I am sufficiently rewarded in that I know you," he declared. "I have been wanting to meet you for some time."

Miss Knowlton flinched and changed the subject. She could not admit that she, too, had felt an interest, but in her heart she was glad that they knew each other, and when Travers took advantage of his unconventional introduction to call frequently it was not long before she consented to reward him with her hand in the conventional fashion decreed by custom.

"It's such a short courtship," she said, "but I feel that I have known you for years."

"It all depends upon the introduction," said Travers smilingly; "bless that boat!"

Everybody Has Met Him.

The melancholy man looked more than usually downcast—so depressed, in fact, that one of his acquaintances was rash enough to ask him what was the matter.

"Oh, everything!" replied the melancholy man.

"Market been against you?"

"No-o, not exactly," was the rejoinder, "but I'm considerably worried over what may happen next week."

"Sickness at home?"

"Not yet," replied the melancholy man, "though I'm afraid that I'm getting ready for my regular touch of malaria about this time of year."

"Forewarned is forearmed," returned the other with as much cheerfulness as he could summon up under the circumstances. "I see. Some one of your friends is in trouble, and it's preying on your mind."

"Friends?" sniffed the melancholy man. "Much good it would do my friends if I gave them advice. Think of them? Of course I do, but for all the benefit they derive from what I tell them I might as well never give them any thoughts at all."

"Well, what in thunder is it?" asked the other, coming back to first principles.

"Oh, everything," replied the melancholy man as he despondently turned away.—New York Press.

The Wisdom of Dorothy.

Dorothy does not relish being left alone to go to sleep. One night after she is tucked in bed by her mother, who then leaves her, she calls to her father and asks if he isn't coming to bed after he finishes his dinner.

"Yes; I'll go to bed as soon as my dinner digests."

"All right; come upstairs now. Your dinner will digest upstairs just as well as down," argues the young hopeful.—Judge's Library.

CAISSON WORK.

How Foundations of Great Steel Structures Are Built.

The foundations for the great steel structures are built by means of caissons in which the men can work under a great pressure of air. It is a very interesting sight to watch them, and the best of it is that any one may see them at close range from an adjoining sidewalk. The caisson is a hollow steel cylinder open at the bottom and just large enough to permit a man to work. The workman climbs down a ladder in this tube and digs away the earth at the bottom. As the earth is taken away the steel tube is gradually lowered. The earth is taken out by a bucket, which is lowered and raised by a tall derrick at one side. As the caisson sinks, air is pumped into the compartment containing the man. This is to force back any water or dirt that might fill the hole from the outside as fast as the workman removes it from within. The pressure of this air is often so great that a man can work but an hour or so at a time. At the top of the caisson is a steel cylinder with an air tight door at either end, which serves as a kind of vestibule to the tube below.

When one of the caisson workers starts to go to work he opens the door or lid at the top and climbs in, when the opening is once more tightly closed. This door or lid is air tight. After the opening to the outer air has been closed the workman opens the door at the bottom of this steel compartment and lets in compressed air from the caisson below. It takes a few minutes to become accustomed to breathing this atmosphere, for the heavy air makes the head ring. As soon as the workman can do so he climbs down into the tunnel below, closing the lower door of the steel antechamber as he does so. All this must be done in the dark. If the workman wishes to signal the outer world he may do so by striking the steel sides of his narrow prison with his shovel. He usually signals in this way when the bucket is to be raised or lowered.—Frances Arnold Collins in St. Nicholas.

HOW THE MOON LOOKS.

Queer Variance in Impressions as to the Same Object.

I asked my men to compare the size of the full moon to that of some object held in the hand at arm's length. I explained the question carefully and said that they were to describe an object just large enough when seen at arm's length to cover the whole moon. My list of answers begins as follows: Quarter of a dollar, fair sized cantaloupe, at the horizon, large dinner plate, overhead, dessert plate; my watch, six inches in diameter, silver dollar, hundred times as large as my watch, man's head, fifty cent piece, nine inches in diameter, grape fruit, carriage wheel, butter plate, orange, ten feet, two inches, one cent piece, schoolroom clock, a pen, soup plate, fountain pail, lemon pie, palm of the hand, three feet in diameter—enough to show again the overwhelming unfaithfulness of the impressions received.

To the surprise of my readers perhaps it may be added at once that the only man who was right was the one who compared it to a pea. It is most probable that the results would not have been different if I had asked the question on a moonlight night with the full moon overhead. The substitution of the memory image for the immediate perception can hardly have impaired the correctness of the judgments. If in any court the size of a distant object were to be given by witnesses, and one man declared it as large as a pea and the second as large as a lemon pie and the third ten feet in diameter it would hardly be fair to form an objective judgment till the psychologist had found out what kind of a mind was producing that estimate.—Professor Hugo Munsterberg in McClure's.

Clean Chopsticks Sure.

"Seeing these guill toothpicks done up in paper envelopes in the hotels here," said the man from the far east, "reminds me of the Japanese eating places. In the bigger hotels or restaurants they hand you the chopsticks done up in a sealed envelope. This is with the idea of convincing you that they never have been used before, which is not always so. In the cheaper restaurants they have a much better plan for setting your mind at rest. There you get a piece of wood as broad as two chopsticks split to within an inch of one end. When you take this piece of wood you split it the rest of the way, and there you have the two sticks. You can be sure then that no other person has used them."—New York Sun.

The City of Glorious Sunshine.

Of all the living works of man which I have visited I think none is the equal of Moscow in interest and beauty. It is a city of glorious sunshine, of golden domes and silver crosses and of multicolored cupolas, of palaces and temples. In it are found all the refinements of the west and all the curious fascinations of the east. Even the incidents of ordinary commonplace civilized life are touched by a flavor of romance.—Wide World Magazine.

Compensation.

"But suppose you awake from your dream to find that the feet of your idol are but clay?"

"That will be all right if I find the rest of him turned into dust."—Houston Post.

Luther said that if a man were not strong at twenty, handsome at thirty, learned at forty and rich at fifty he never would be strong, handsome, learned or rich.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days treatment free. Ask your druggist about them. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

The Wall Between.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

"I would ask you to marry me," Graham said bluntly, "but I can't."

Her eyes dilated, but she was quick of wit and action, and her reply came without a moment's hesitation.

"Indeed? Your attitude presupposes that I would accept you—if your systematic and well ordered mind had decided upon the asking," ironically.

"Yes, I think you would," he replied reflectively.

Angry spots blazed on Miss Fenton's cheeks. "This is—a little too much—from even you." She gripped the arm of her chair and leaned forward, her blazing eyes looking closely into his. "I have never been able to decide just what manner of man you are. Your reticence, your phlegmatic temperament and your crudeness are so foreign to me that they are an unreadable text. I've thought at times that they might cloak either a vast amount of intelligence and capability—or the lack of it. A large man like you only has to be reticent to make the world think he is a force to be considered—if he cared to exert himself. I have wondered at times if your reticence masked a lack—of original thought. But under no circumstances had I imagined it hid—colossal conceit."

Graham's powerful hands, without a trace of the nerve tension in her own, took from her the Japanese fan that she was unconsciously tearing in shreds.

"I am not conceited, but I do think that you would marry me—if I could ask you," this to the fashion of a man of little worldly polish. He failed to soften and explain his statement by adding that the desire of his heart was to make her his wife.

She, judging without this inner knowledge, fought as a woman will—fought to keep it from being known that she had given her love unasked.

"I will admit I see no foundation for your conceit." The ache in her heart goaded her to merciless cruelty. "How or why should you think that a woman of the world like myself, who has been accustomed to comfort, if not to luxury, should care to marry a young physician without as yet a practice? Perhaps, my friend, you took stock of your attractions. They are impressive, I'll admit. Your broad shoulders and physique in general might also be counted assets, but not sufficient to balance the conceit that could imagine I would be content to wear homemade gowns in order to admire them a lifetime. I who love pretty things, who like everything as dainty as this," taking her chain of pearl beads and fondling them before him, letting them slip between her well manicured fingers. She lied bravely, stifling the memory of the little joyful plans that had for several weeks flitted through her mind—plans for making a home on his small income when he should ask her to be his wife.

Graham, his face pale, spoke slowly. "Unlike myself, you are never at loss for words, but I think you have said more than your world would consider courteous," he said tersely.

Her high strung temperament had reached a point where she gave her nerves free rein. "As for caring"—she leaned back in her chair and laughed recklessly—"of course your conceit prevents your discovering that I had been amusing myself. The summer was long and dull. You were the most available man and interesting because you were less readable than the others. One looks with interest at an unread book. With such explanation I hope your sorrow that you could not decide to ask me to marry you will not prove crushing." She rose, with a little ironical smile that intimated that she was waiting for him to say goodby.

Graham towered above her as he rose. "Marion, I'm crude, as you say, and I am going to tell you that I absolutely disbelieve you. You care—as much as I do." I'll admit that you started out with the intention of amusing yourself and that I met you halfway, thinking that you might interest yourself and me at the same time. I had no idea that either of us would learn to care. But we have—both of us—and yet there is a barrier preventing my asking you to marry me—a wall between—and I don't know that I'll ever be able to get over it."

She smiled whimsically with the sudden change of mood characteristic of her.

"Tell me about it. I'm full of curiosity. Is it much of a wall, and what kind?"

"I'm not at liberty to tell, but it's a rather hard one to scale."

"Glass on top?" laughter coming back to her face.

"Figuratively speaking, lots of it. Are you a child or a woman, Marion, that you jump from one mood to another this way?"

"More of a barometer, I suppose. But I'm intensely interested in that wall. It sounds mediaeval. Couldn't you produce a rope ladder as a fitting accompaniment, or are such heroic measures for scaling obstacles only seen on the stage? I never saw one in real life."

"Girl, there is a serious side to you somewhere, but it's very elusive. It's the serious side I want to talk to now. I don't know that I can ever even make an attempt to scale that wall. If I felt I could do so honorably I would try it with my bare hands." His face lit with an emotion she had never before seen in it. "You will call it conceit, but it is—that I care so much that I don't want you to walk for me if I don't get the chance to try to climb the wall to reach you."

She put her hand on his impulsively. "But you want to come?" she asked.

"More than anything on earth," he said, and his face grew whiter.

"Considering the wall—I think you had better go now." She followed him to the door and held out her hand. "I am glad you care," she said simply.

When she heard the hall door close behind him she sat down on the couch and stared absently at the torn fan lying on the chair near. She picked it up and tore it slowly and systematically into strips.

"I am glad—he cares," she said mechanically.

* * * * * * *

In the two years that passed she saw Graham occasionally on the street and nodded to him in passing. Their few mutual friends seldom mentioned him, and she heard only enough to know that he was rapidly succeeding in his profession.

When the servant brought her his card one afternoon she waited until the girl had left the room, then read it over and over. Suddenly she threw it on her dressing table, drew a long breath and went downstairs composedly.

"You are quite a novelty," she said when he rose to meet her.

"I've climbed that wall," he said bluntly, without any prelude.

"Er—what wall?" She raised her eyebrows, with a slightly puzzled frown.

He put a hand on each of her shoulders and held her facing him.

"Be honest," he said, still holding her.

She hesitated a minute.

"Well, then—how?" she said finally.

He sat down on the couch and drew her beside him. "Before my father died three years ago he told me that he had been speculating and that he had, along with his own, lost $5,000 that he had in trust for my little cousin Elizabeth. The girl was then eighteen, and I promised that I would make the amount good before her twenty-first birthday. I had just graduated from the medical college, and for fear I would not be able to save that amount from my first three years' practice he persuaded Elizabeth that he would die hating me if he knew we would marry some time."

Miss Fenton's quick smile flashed to her eyes.

"The glass on top of the wall," she murmured.

Graham possessed himself of her hands.

"Exactly so. The top of the wall was reached yesterday when I turned over $5,000 to Elizabeth on her twenty-first birthday. As for the glass—the child, removed herself and used it to puncture that colossal conceit you once attributed to me. She confessed tearfully that she was head over heels in love with young Preston Delmater. So I've come, girl! What are you going to do to me?" he asked eagerly.

She saw him as of old, utterly unable to find the words to express his feelings.

"I think perhaps I'd better try to—restore that colossal conceit," she said, but her eyes reflected the light in his.

Making a Bargain.

A great tenor had been singing for some hours into a phonograph.

"The phonograph," he said, "is a wonderful thing. It almost realizes the wish of the Scottish poet, the wish that we might see ourselves as others see us. We can now, at least, hear ourselves. When I was in the army, before I realized the capabilities of my voice, I played the flute. A phonograph salesman brought a phonograph to my quarters and tried to sell it to me. I was undecided. Finally the man took out a blank cylinder.

"'See,' he said, rather reluctantly, 'here is a blank cylinder. You may make a record on it, then we will run it off and you shall hear yourself. It's a costly favor I am doing you, but it will show you what a fine instrument this is.'

"I was delighted.

"'I'll get my flute,' I said. 'I'll play a flute solo.'

"Well, I played my best into the machine. It seemed to me that I had never combined before such feeling with such accuracy. I was more than pleased with myself. Then the man put in the cylinder, and the music began to issue forth. I frowned.

"'Is that me?' I said.

"'Yes, sir,' said the man.

"'Really me, just as I played?'

"'Precisely, sir, precisely. And now,' said he, 'do you want to buy the phonograph?'

"'No,' said I. 'I want to sell the flute.'"—London Mail.

Englishmen Are Reckless.

Policemen claim that their most strenuous exertions are directed toward saving the lives of Englishmen, says the New York Press.

"They are so reckless," said one officer. "People coming here from other parts of the world show some respect for automobiles, wagons and street cars. An Englishman doesn't. If he takes a notion to cross the street he tries to cross, no matter how many vehicles and cars may be moving down on him from every direction. He seems to expect traffic to stand still for him. Because it doesn't he seems really surprised and angry.

"Once a Britisher that I had rescued from sudden death explained the reason for that attitude of his countrymen. He says that at home pedestrians really do have as much right to the streets as vehicles and that it is the duty of the drivers to avoid running them down. In every other country the foot passenger has to dodge for his life the same as here, so for that reason the Englishman alone plunges ahead without caution."

RARE COPPER CENTS.

Coin Collectors' Theory to Account For Their Scarcity.

That some of the rarest and most valuable of the United States cents, particularly those dated 1799 and 1804, owe their scarcity to the fact that Fulton built the steamboat Clermont is the theory held by some coin collectors. They believe that thousands of the old time large copper cents went toward making the clipper boiler for the pioneer steamboat.

This theory would explain the mystery that has long puzzled coin collectors as to the reason for the almost total disappearance of the cents of the dates mentioned.

The first cents struck at the United States mints at Philadelphia were of large size. The copper blanks, or planchets, were imported from England, being sent over in kegs.

Copper at this period was a scarce article in this country. With the exception of the small quantity produced at the only copper mines then known in the United States, those at Granby, Conn., nearly all the metal used here came from England.

Builders of steam engines in those days were of the opinion that boilers constructed of iron were unsafe and impracticable, and as a consequence boilers were made of copper, all the boilers that came from England being, it is said, constructed of that metal. Fulton was likewise of the belief that copper was the only fit metal to be used in boilers.

It is therefore possible that, finding a scarcity of metal with which to construct the boiler of the Clermont, he finally resorted to the most convenient source of supply, which happened to be the large United States copper cents. Of course the cost of such a boiler would represent a large sum, but it is on the records that the steam frigate Fulton, launched in 1815, the year of the inventor's death, had a boiler entirely constructed of copper, which alone cost the large sum of $23,000.

That the supply of cents of this period was large enough to meet such a demand is also likely enough. From 1793 to and including 1795 1,066,033 cents were coined and in 1796 924,000 were struck.

DINING IN WALL STREET.

What Lunch Hour Means to New York's Financial District.

When one descends upon Wall street, either from the Broadway slope of Trinity church or from the Nassau street hill, at noontime any week day the air is fraught with many conflicting odors of the kitchen. From over the roars of the clamoring curb folk away down in the valley of Broad street there arises from a score of cookeries and "lunchouts" a decided smell of the sea, blended with the ever present onion. From the eaves of the New York Stock Exchange come the more pretentious fragrance of spiced meats and strong coffee. From the basement and attic alike, from cloud tickler and antiquated frame house as well, come all sorts of lunching evidences that the men of affairs are eating. To realize what this luncheon hour means to Wall street one must stop to think of the thousands of persons who are in that small district of the city at this particular part of the day. Hundreds of restaurants meet the rush with their doors flung wide and their keepers have grown rich upon nickels and dimes that fall into their tills like a mighty cataract during those brief hours of midday. Men have grown rich and retired to palatial mansions in the suburbs selling cup custards and "sinkers" to millionaires, stenographers, clerks and bankers alike during the busy hour or two at noon. Thousands of pounds of meat, countless oysters and clams, barrels of gravy, unaccountable gallons of coffee and ton and tons of bread are consumed every day in a very brief period of time, and here, of all other places, the foreigner has found justification for his criticism of Americans for fast eating.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Babies in the East.

In Cypress, at the important date of the first tooth appearing, friends gather, singing songs, while the child is bathed in water and boiled wheat. Afterward thirty-two of the boiled grains are strung on a thread and stitched to the baby's cap, which, of course, promptly produces the safe cutting of the other teeth.

A pretty custom prevails on the isle of Rhodes, for there, on the eighth day from birth, the infant, after a final bath of wine and myrtle, is tenderly laid in a cradle surrounded by lighted tapers while a child approaches, touches its lips with honey and says, "Be thou as sweet as this, honey!"—Los Angeles Times.

The Brute.

"Such an angel of a hat," chirped the vain woman as she twirled before the mirror. "Yellow and white. What does it remind you of, my dear?"

The big man in the embroidered slippers looked up from his paper.

"Yellow and white?" he repeated. "Well, now, on the level, it reminds me of a fried egg."—Chicago News.

Transformation.

She—I hear Jack Gale christened his new boat the Lobster. He—Yes, but it's no longer a Lobster. She—Why? He—Because it turned turtle.—London Scraps.

And the World Isn't Theirs!

There are hundreds of men today who are richer than Monte Cristo ever dreamed of being.—New York Globe.

No man is a hero to his wife's relatives.—Life.

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SHEATZ HAS SCORED

Nominee For Treasurer Has Made a Hit With the People.

CHAMPION OF THE SCHOOLS

Generally Commended For Successful Advocacy of An Additional Four Million Dollars For the Cause of Education.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, Oct. 29.

John O. Sheatz, the Republican nominee for state treasurer, is about winding up a tour of the state in which he has scored at every place he has been.

He has shown himself to be a vote getter. While he has none of the gifts of the trained orator with which to electrify an audience, he possesses to a remarkable degree an ability to impress everyone who hears him with his absolute sincerity of purpose and courage to carry out every pledge he has made.

With all the charges indulged in during the previous campaign regarding favoritism shown financial institutions that have gone upon the bond of the state treasurer in the form of heavy deposits of state funds and security against unexpected withdrawals of such moneys, the voters of Pennsylvania must receive with gratification a declaration from Mr. Sheatz upon this subject.

A Popular Pledge.

Said Mr. Sheatz:

"As a piece of information to the people of Pennsylvania, I wish to say that if I am elected treasurer of this great state, when the time comes for me to file my bond for $500,000, I shall pay for it out of my own pocket, and not permit an obliging president of a trust company to arrange my security for me, thereby placing myself under obligation to that trust company to have $60,000 or $70,000 of the state's money constantly on deposit in that particular institution. I shall keep myself just as free from the dictations of the money powers as I am of the political powers."

Mr. Sheatz's attitude in this matter has called forth expressions of hearty approval from every quarter. His candidacy is accepted as a guarantee that the office of state treasurer will be conducted upon the highest possible plane. With Edwin S. Stuart in the governor's chair and John O. Sheatz as state treasurer, the people of Pennsylvania will have reason to be proud of the Republican party's administration of its affairs.

Champion of Public Schools.

Probably no other act in the official career of Mr. Sheatz contributed more to his popularity than his advocacy of increased appropriations to the public schools. As chairman of the appropriation committee of the house of representatives, Mr. Sheatz made a valiant and successful fight in favor of raising the already large sums appropriated to education, and in his visits to the various counties in his present tour Mr. Sheatz has been complimented upon the result of his labors at Harrisburg in this direction.

The Republican party of Pennsylvania has a grand record in its fostering and protecting influence in the cause of the common schools.

The statistics show that since 1887 the enormous sum of $119,109,000 has been appropriated by Pennsylvania legislatures dominated by the Republican party, an amount many times larger than that appropriated for like purposes by any state in the Union for public school purposes.

The appropriation for the years 1887-88 was $2,000,000; for 1889-90 it was $4,000,000, and for each two years from that time until this year, with one exception, the appropriation was $11,000,000, the exception being in 1902-01, when the amount was $10,000,000.

When the legislature met this year Mr. Sheatz was among the potential factors in a movement to provide even more liberally for the schools, and with the hearty co-operation of the industrial leaders of the Republican party this agitation was a fruitful one. The sum of $5,000,000 was added to the state school fund, raising the grand total to the unprecedented appropriation of $15,000,000 for the next two years.

This amount does not include the $6,500,000 specially set aside for school purposes from the local taxes collected in the city of Philadelphia, nor the large amounts raised locally in other counties.

The money included in the state appropriation to the schools is allotted to the different counties in proportion to the number of children of school age, each county receiving its pro rata share. In nearly all of the counties the amount received from the state has proved amply sufficient to meet all of the requirements of the public schools, so that in such cases it is not necessary to apply any of the money received from local taxation.

"I want to see the day," said Mr. Sheatz a few nights ago, "when the state will provide every penny of the money needed for educational purposes. The aim of the Republican party has been in that direction, and I know that the continued success of Republicanism in Pennsylvania means the accomplishment of that end.

"I shall certainly continue to do all in my power to have ample money appropriated to place the public schools of our state upon a solid and practical basis in every county of the state."

No Giving Up.

"I am determined to collect this bill eventually," said the dun. "I assure you I'll never give up."

"Neither will I," replied the man who disputed the debt.—Exchange.

A girl generally plays with a man's heart just about as carefully as a baby toys with a watch.—Dallas News.

SOUNDING A WARNING

Republicans Cautioned of Danger in Over-Confidence.

MUST GET OUT THE VOTE

Even a Reduction in the Majority Would Be Hailed as a Victory By the Enemies of the Party of Protection.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Oct. 29.

Predictions of a sweeping victory for the Republican party in Pennsylvania at next Tuesday's election are all based upon reports from the various counties that the rank and file of the organization is going to get out a large percentage of the Republican vote.

Much will depend, however, upon the activity of the party vigilantes, and warning messages are being sent out from Philadelphia headquarters to leave nothing undone to get Republicans to the polls.

While former independents are proclaiming their loyalty to the Republican nominee, the party leaders appreciate the danger that lurks in the feeling of security that exists among Republican committeemen. They realize that the Democrats are looking forward confidently to next year's national election and are going to poll a big vote to encourage the members of their party to line up for the coming presidential contest.

No State "Issues" This Year.

There have been absolutely no state "issues" developed by the present campaign in Pennsylvania.

Governor Stuart's administration, following the action of the Republican majority in the legislature, brought about indictments in the state capitol cases and removed that issue from the political canvass, and the record of John O. Sheatz in public and private life prevented criticism of the Republican candidate from the outset of the campaign.

Upon every hand, however, the political contest in this state has been regarded as the skirmish of next year's presidential battle, and Republicans familiar with the situation are concerned regarding the result of the balloting on Tuesday next.

They are fearful that a feeling of over-confidence will lead to a laxity among the party workers and that proper efforts will not be put forth to get the voters to the polls.

"If Pennsylvania is to take her proper place at the head of the procession of Republican states on Tuesday next," said Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, chairman of the Republican state committee today, "the Republican voters must be alert. They must go to the polls and register their continued adherence to the principles and policies of the party, and by so doing emphasize the sentiment of their great state in favor of the party of progress and prosperity. The Democrats are going to put their best efforts into the work of getting their men out to vote, and in order that they may record one of their old-time ringing majorities, the Republicans must be wide-awake and active from the hour of the opening of the polls until the last ballot shall be deposited. They must take nothing for granted, but act upon the principle that a battle is never won until it is over and the enemy is captured or routed.

"Pennsylvania is the greatest industrial state in the Union, and Democratic triumph, which a reduced Republican majority would mean, would be disastrous to wage earners and capitalists alike.

Must Not Falter.

"If Pennsylvania should falter on Tuesday next, the enemies of the protective tariff would have reason to be elated, and they would herald the result of the election as an indication that the so-called tariff reformers are growing in strength in our state, and that the 'Iowa idea' for a scaling down of the tariff is spreading even into Pennsylvania, the very citidel of protection.

"The consequence of such a state of affairs would be illustrated by a cessation of all industrial enterprises within our borders, with the inevitable result that the workingman and the farmers, the mechanics and the mill owners would, in the end bear the brunt of the disaster.

"I sincerely trust that the Republican voters of Pennsylvania will not be deceived by those who affect to see no danger in Republican indifference, but that they will go to work at once and discharge their full duty to the party and to their state."

Call to Clubmen.

President R. P. Habgood, of the State League of Republican Clubs, supplementing the call to arms of Colonel Andrews, has issued an address in which, among other things, he says:

"This is not an off-year for Republicanism, it is, on the other hand, a vital one, and the majority recorded for the Hon. John O. Sheatz will serve as a glaring guide post to the Republicanism of the entire United States.

"A small majority will point to indifference on the part of the Keystone state to tariff revision and Republican national policies next year. A rousing, record-breaking and old-fashioned majority will be a bulwark to the policy of standing pat on the tariff and an inspiration to Republican success throughout the country next year, when we all earnestly hope to centre the eyes of our sister states upon Pennsylvania's candidate for the presidency."

A la China.

Mamma—Come now, son, and take your medicine like a good little boy. You know in China all the children take medicine when well to keep them from being sick.

Little Boy—And do they whip the children in China when they are good to keep them from being naughty?—St. Louis Republic.

SAWED OFF ITS HEAD

Storm a Wooden Statue of Andrew Jackson Raised.

ON A FAMOUS OLD FRIGATE.

A Bold Boston Sea Captain Mutilated the Constitution's Figurehead and Then Went to Washington and Defied the Authorities.

The figurehead which was placed on the frigate Constitution is now at the Naval academy in Annapolis. It is a figure of Andrew Jackson, and connected with it is a curious incident.

The original figurehead of the Constitution was a figure of Hercules. This was destroyed by a cannon ball at Tripoli, and then a figure of Neptune was erected. This also came to grief, and at the time the vessel was rebuilt there was no figurehead except a billet.

At the time the new ship was finished Captain Jesse Duncan Elliott of Hagerstown, Md., who had distinguished himself in the battle of Lake Erie, was in command at the Boston navy yard. Captain Elliott was an enthusiastic Democrat and an ardent admirer of President Andrew Jackson.

The president had lately been in Boston and had been most hospitably received, and Captain Elliott conceived the idea of placing a figure of the president at the prow of the Constitution, believing that it would give the people of Boston much pleasure. The navy department gave him permission, and so a wooden figure of "Old Hickory" was put in position on the ship.

This act raised a storm of dissent in the Hub, and Captain Elliott was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers. The excitement was intense, and the language was virulent. Handbills denouncing the act, denouncing the president and Elliott were circulated in the streets, and the newspapers took up the cry, and in this day and generation the partisan violence and vituperation which raged in New England are inconceivable.

On a dark night in July the deck of the ship was invaded, and, although a sentry was close at hand, the head of Jackson was sawed off and taken away. New England was jubilant, and for a time the perpetrator of the act was unknown to the public.

Six months later one Samuel W. Dewey, a Boston sea captain, took the dissevered head in a bag to the secretary of the navy at Washington and avowed himself as the criminal. That official was amazed at the man's audacity and asked him if he did not know that he would be severely punished. Dewey calmly replied that he had considered the matter and had ascertained that the legal penalty was slight and could not be applied until he was convicted by a jury in Essex county, Mass.

"And if you think a jury in that county," he added, "will punish a man for cutting off the head of Andrew Jackson you are welcome to try it."

The secretary went to the White House for instruction, while Dewey was finished. General Jackson laughed heartily at the whole incident and forbade the man's arrest. Before the Captain Elliott had provided a new head for the figure, and the wooden statue of Jackson that is now at Annapolis was at the prow of the vessel for forty years.

Captain Elliott's last voyage on the Constitution was from the Mediterranean to Hampton Roads in 1838. Here he was removed from command, because of charges of severity to the men and of having encumbered the berth deck of the ship on the homeward voyage with jackasses for the improvement of the breed in the United States. The Constitution finally went out of commission for active service at Portsmouth, N. H., after a career of nearly fifty-eight years in the service. In 1860 she was transferred to Annapolis for the use of the midshipmen.

When the civil war began her position there was deemed unsafe, and she was sent to the New York navy yard. In 1865 she was returned to Annapolis, where she remained until 1871, when she was taken to Philadelphia, where she was again rebuilt. In 1878 she was used to transport exhibits to France for the Paris exposition of 1878, and her career at sea finally ended in 1881. The centennial of her launching was celebrated at Boston in 1897, where she was built.—Baltimore Sun.

A Libel.

"I see by the county paper," said the visitor, "that Jonas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning"—

"I saw that, too, and it's a libel," exclaimed the native, with some heat.

"Why, isn't he your druggist?"

"Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache, all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure, and pain immediately departs. Waite Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

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God Save the Commonwealth

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 10th day of June, A. D. 1891, (and its several amendments) I, George W. Mitchell, High Sheriff of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 5th day of November, A. D. 1907, (being the TUESDAY next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:—

One person for State Treasurer.

One person for County Treasurer.

One person for Coroner.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:—

STATE TREASURER

(Mark One)

John O. Sheatz, Republican.

John G. Harman, Democratic.

Matthew H. Stevenson, Prohibition.

Samuel Clark, Socialist.

COUNTY TREASURER

(Mark One)

Anthony E. Bannon, Republican.

F. Fisherwood, Democratic.

S. M. Love, Prohibition.

Frank L. Smith, Socialist.

CORONER

(Mark One)

H. H. Sherman, Republican.

J. H. Robbins, Democratic.

H. A. Place, Prohibition.

W. S. Clark, Socialist.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, [illegible]:

The township of Annin, at the building known as Simpson's store, now Macomber Hall, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the Southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At Eagle's barn.

Third ward, First district—Northwest corner of Washington and Pearl streets, in building owned by C. D. Fitzgibbon.

Third ward, Second district—A lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center Street, built to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Robert's junk shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At Epworth Hall, next door to Methodist church on the North side of East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the cross roads near Smith's cleaning works, on lands of W. H. Kinley, in a suitable building erected by the county commissioners.

The township of Corn, a house owned by D. G. Riddell, located on the West side of Union street in the town of Corn.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first floor of a new building owned by R. D. Toner, across the highway from said Toner's residence.

Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, in Warrant No. 5233, on road leading up Swan Creek from Kinzua, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred—at town house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred—Building owned by school District on south side of Pennsylvania railroad, near depot.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Centre.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First district—The Opera House Building on the south side of the Main Road, in the Village of Hazelhurst.

Second district—At Lantz's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Bending Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The east room of the first floor of the city building and known as the hose room.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second district—The ground floor of Maccabee hall situate at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said Hall, situated on the South side of the public highway leading through East Smethport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith Shop.

Second district—At new building of J. O. Stull, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the Village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 311 Park Avenue in said Boro of Kane.

Second ward—In Jack Brooder's barn on the north side of Field street.

Third ward—The lower floor of Truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Biddle street in said third ward.

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second District—The Hose House on the south side of the Main Road in the Village of Lewis Run.

Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the Village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Norton building.

Fourth district—The rear of the store building of Elisha R. Kane, in the village of Olivedale, in said Township of Lafayette.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of [illegible] building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building erected by the County Commissioners at Gifford.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Union Hall," in the village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main Street in the Village of Rixford in said Township of Otto.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

The old School House on the North side of the Wilcox Road at East Kane, next to John Nelson's store.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Clermont.

Second district—In the old residence of D. G. Black at Freeman.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting Justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this state or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporate district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, A. D. 1907.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

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BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

32-34 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1907, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulations of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by J. W. Wolfe, Edgar W. Strong, F. H. Hamerville, M. E. Armstrong, Guy McCoy, Sheridan Gorton and others, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Smethport Fraternal Association," of the State of Pennsylvania, the character and object of which is for the purpose of providing for and maintaining a fund for the relief, support and burial of its members and their successors who may be injured or killed or who may be prevented from attending to their usual occupation or calling on account of chronic illness or permanent injury received in the progress or accident while doing public duty; and for the pensioning of the widows and orphans or dependent parents of members who may be killed or who may die from injuries received while in the discharge of their duties as firemen, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid and its supplements.

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S. F. Newton,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.

Smethport, Pa.

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Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, Penn'a

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John Clark, M. D., C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 9 to 10 a. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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